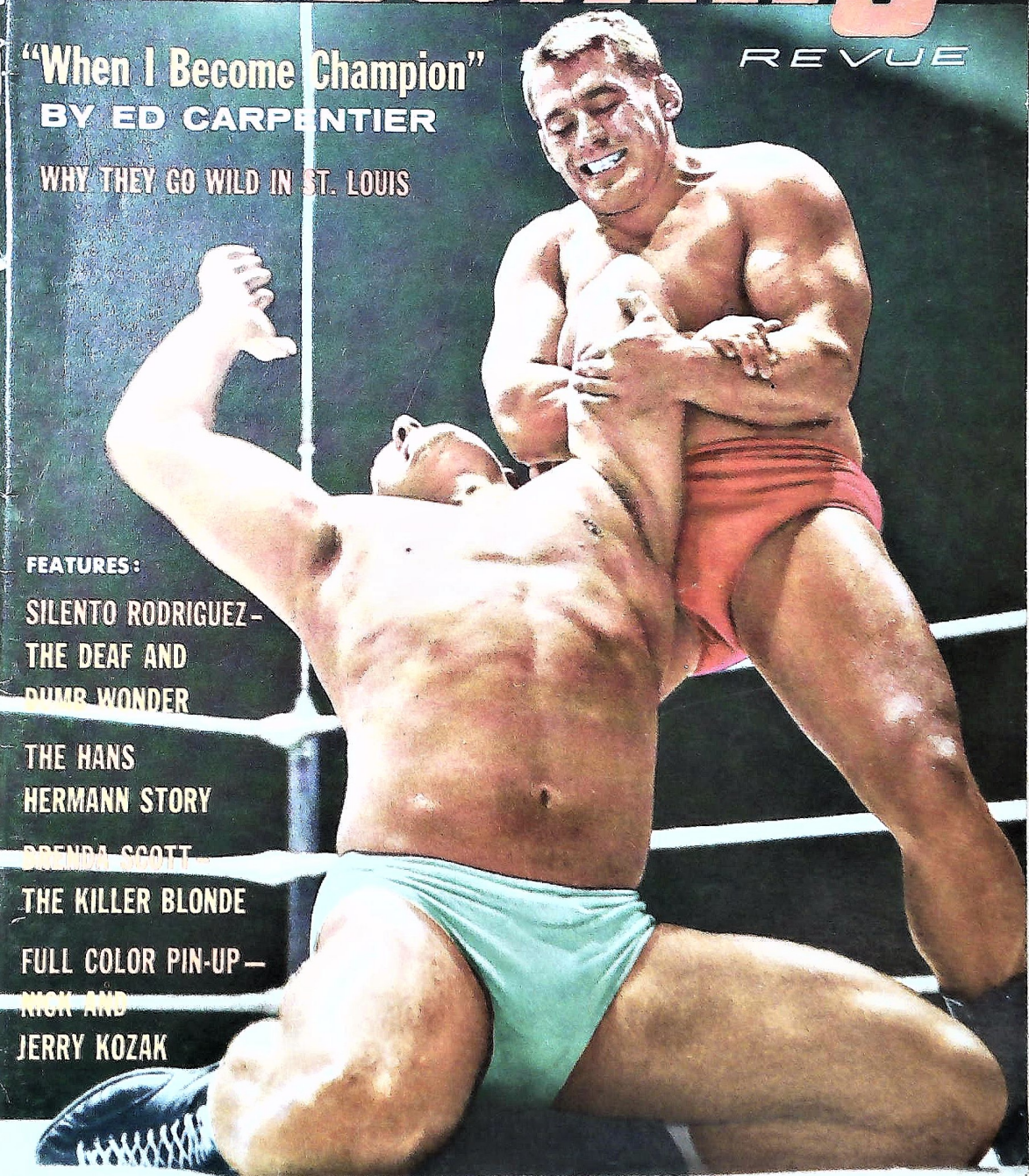
THE MAGAZINE FOR WRESTLING FANS
DECEMBER 1962/50c

Wrestling REVUE

"When I Become Champion"
BY ED CARPENTIER

WHY THEY GO WILD IN ST. LOUIS



FEATURES:

SILENTO RODRIGUEZ—THE DEAF AND DUMB WONDER

THE HANS HERMANN STORY

BRENDA SCOTT—THE KILLER BLONDE

FULL COLOR PIN-UP—NICK AND JERRY KOZAK

READERS' pros and cons

HIS NAME IS GOLDEN BOY DUPREE

Sirs:

We have a very talented young wrestler here in Boston whom I have never seen mentioned in your fabulous WRESTLING REVUE. His name is Ronnie Dupree, but he is billed professionally as "Golden Boy" Dupree. He is an exceptionally colorful personality who wears dazzling jackets into the ring, and in his arms he carries a large bunch of flowers which he gracefully tosses to admiring ladies in the audience.

It seems a shame to allow such a fabulous talent to go unnoticed by the world's wrestling fans. Just one small mention in WRESTLING REVUE, with a picture, will make him famous over night. Take it from me, this boy deserves such a break. Please give it to him.

VALERIE GALBRECHT
Brookline, Mass.

THE KOZAK BROTHERS, NICK (left) and JERRY
One vote for Nick.

HANDSOMEST POLL

Sirs:

If you ever run a poll to determine the handsomest wrestler in the world be sure to include the name of Nick Kozak. Nick has been making feminine hearts flutter for a long time.

PAULINE CARIDAS
Harvey, La.

SICK AND TIRED

Sirs:

I'm sick and tired of people writing WRESTLING REVUE complaining because their favorites are not listed in the top ten. They should realize that a national rating is not a "Popularity Poll."

If these people are still dissatisfied with WR's ratings, which, by the way, I consider to be excellent and very fair, all they have to do is pick up a copy of BOXING ILLUSTRATED-WRESTLING NEWS and look over the "Nationwide Results" where they'll find out quickly who wins and who loses most of the time. This is proof enough of the validity of your official ratings.

BOB STONE
Pittsburgh, Penna.

COWBOY BOB ELLIS
Respect and consideration.

OUTRAGEOUS!

Sirs:

Your rating of Bob Ellis is simply outrageous. Bob has demolished many of those rated above him, including your precious Pat O'Connor, Wilbur Snyder and Ray Stevens, not to mention The Sheik, Killer Kowalski and Bruiser. Any man with such a record deservees the utmost respect and consideration.

JOHN SEVIVAS
Waterbury, Conn.

UNFAIR TO BLASSIE

Sirs:

I don't think you are giving enough attention to the great Fred Blassie. He certainly rates WRESTLING REVUE's cover as well as the full-color Pin-Up. He can beat all of those geeks who have appeared on your covers: Buddy Rogers, Ray Stevens, etc.

J. P. SIMMONS
Los Angeles, Calif.

HOW ABOUT IT?

Sirs:

I was very well pleased with WRESTLING REVUE's fabulous full-color Pin-Ups of Red Bastien, Bearcat Wright and the Brunetti brothers, but I would love to see Ed Carpentier and Bob Ellis included in that marvelous series. How about it?

NICK TARZIA
Bayonne, N. J.

ERROR?

Sirs:

For the first time I believe WRESTLING REVUE has made a gross error in its tag team ratings. How on earth could you possibly lower the sensational team of Dick Steinborn and Eddie Graham to the number five position? They should be no lower than third. If you correct this error I shall once again consider WRESTLING REVUE the perfect magazine.

BOB KOCH
Lansing, Ill.

THE KANGAROOS
Their holds were perfectly legal.

WORTH ITS WEIGHT IN GOLD—BUT

Sirs:

I think WRESTLING REVUE is worth its weight in gold but how on earth can you rate Johnny Valentine and Bob Ellis so high when they were twice beaten here in Detroit by The Kangaroos. Not only did The Kangaroos beat them, but they made them look like rank amateurs. The holds used by The Kangaroos to win both bouts were perfectly legal and proved just how inexperienced Valentine-Ellis really are. Bob and Johnny may be handsome, flashy and all that, but that's all!

By the way, Larry Chene dares Buddy Rogers to meet him again.

ROBERT RETZ
Detroit, Mich.

(*continued on page 6*)

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THE MAGAZINE FOR WRESTLING FANS

Wrestling REVUE

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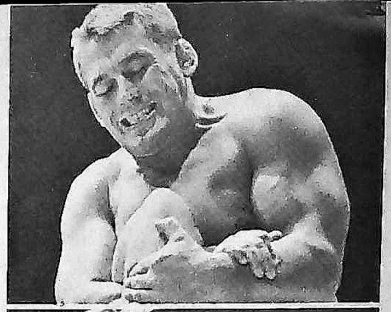

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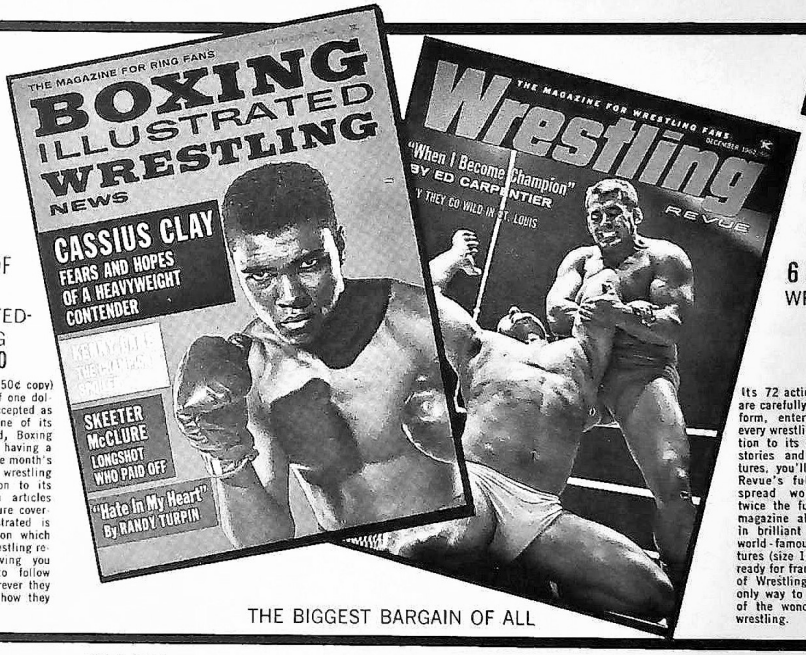

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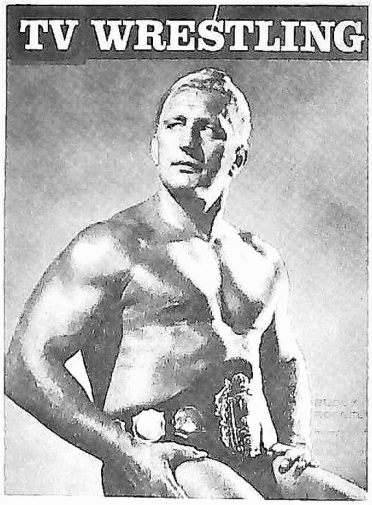

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READERS' pros and cons

STEVENS THE GREATEST

Sirs:

In your August/62 issue a fan from North Plainfield, N. J. wrote that he dreaded to think what Bob Ellis would do to Ray Stevens. Well, for that fan's information, Stevens has already beaten Ellis three times out here in California. What's more, Stevens has also defeated Bill Melby, Ray Stern, Mitsu Arakawa, Wilbur Snyder, Bobo Brazil, Bearcat Wright, Hercules Cortez and many, many more. Let's face it, Ray Stevens is the greatest.

JO ANN CARLOCK
Richmond, Calif.

LORENZO PARENTE
His defeats were no disgrace.

ST. LOUIS WRESTLING

Sirs:

Since WRESTLING REVUE has chosen to completely ignore St. Louis wrestling, I have taken it upon myself to inform your readers about two rising stars in our city: John Paul Henning and Lorenzo Parente.

Henning has wrestled draws with Bob Ellis and Pat O'Connor, and he has also drawn twice with the champion, Buddy Rogers. John Paul has also whipped every villain who dared step into the ring with him, including Rip Hawk, Killer Austin, Gene Kiniski and so many others. In fact the only bouts Henning lost, to my knowledge, were two bouts to Rogers.

Parente is a handsome young star from Naples, Italy, whose best hold is the "Olympic Stretch". At present, this brilliant wrestler has a streak of six straight victories. His only defeats were at the hands of former champion Pat O'Connor and the current title-holder, Buddy Rogers, which is no disgrace.

GARY HAMMOND
St. Louis, Mo.

● Feature stories on Henning have appeared in both WRESTLING REVUE and BOXING ILLUSTRATED. A feature will soon be published on Parente. As for St. Louis wrestling, see the big feature in this issue.—ED.

MOOSE CHOLAK
Same height, weight and power.

GOLDEN MOOSE

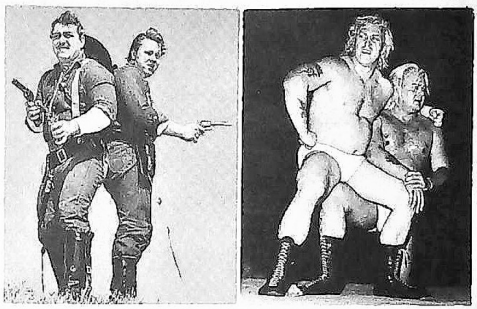
Sirs:

Big Moose Cholak, after he disappeared from mid-western rings, suddenly turned up around New York, but with a new name—Golden Terror.

Proof: The Terror and Cholak both weigh 365 pounds. They are the same height and build and are enormously powerful. Both use a leg dive as their favorite weapon. Cholak sported a new pair of golden ring shoes before he vanished from the mid-west, and now the Terror wears gold-colored shoes in all his bouts.

Hoping this little bit of deduction will prove of interest.

KENNETH DROST
St. James, N. Y.



THE DALTONS AND THE FARGOS
A striking resemblance.

ANOTHER PIECE OF DEDUCTION

Sirs:

We are positive that the Dalton Brothers and the Fargo Brothers are one and the same.

In the February/62 WRESTLING REVUE you published a feature article on the Fargos, while in the May/62 issue of BOXING ILLUSTRATED there appeared a story on the Daltons. I noticed a striking resemblence between the two teams. I went a step further: I drew a mustache on Don Fargo and darkened his hair. That did it for sure.

I also noticed that the Fargos had tattoos on their arms. In one of the Dalton's pictures you published there were the identical drawing.

Need we say more?

BILLY KISTO & DENNY McMAHON
Brooklyn, N. Y.

BRUNO SAMMARTINO
Spread the news to the world!

SPREAD THE NEWS

Sirs:

I see where Bruno Sammartino, after having champion Buddy Rogers beaten and helpless, refused to accept the championship. This is hard for me to swallow. At any rate, we in Toronto consider Sammartino the true champion. How about WRESTLING REVUE spreading the news to the rest of the world?

SHELIO BARRIERI
Toronto, Can.

DON LEO JONATHAN
Most deserving of all.

BOOST FOR JONATHAN

Sirs:

I notice that Buddy Rogers never defends his title against the real contenders. I'm speaking about such men as Verne Gagne, Ray Stevens, Fred Blassie, Wilbur Snyder, Killer Kowalski and mainly, the most deserving of all, Don Leo Jonathan.

A star as great as Jonathan certainly deserves the chance at the title, as well as a very high rating in WRESTLING REVUE's official world ratings.

JOHNNY WHEELER
Chicago, Ill.

TAG TEAM POLL

Sirs:

How about a tag team Popularity Poll? You have already published Popularity and Un-Popularity Polls with wide success. I believe that another poll, such as the one I have suggested, will cause the greatest interest of all.

By the way, how about getting WRESTLING REVUE mailed out earlier so that fans who live as far away from the States as I do can meet voting deadlines? But late or not, your magazines are the finest in the world.

M. M. OTSTOTT III
San Juan, Rizal, Philippines

ANTONINO ROCCA
Should be Number One.

ROCCA AND W.R.

Sirs:

Wrestling Revue is the greatest!
Antonino Rocca is the greatest!
Wrestling Revue is rated Number One.
Antonino Rocca should be rated Number One.

PAUL TARANTINO
Chicago, Ill.

WORTH $5,000!

Sirs:

Not too long ago I witnessed here in Chicago a bout between The Mongol, from Asia, and two quite capable opponents. Usually when a wrestler takes on two opponents it is in a tag team match. But not The Mongol! He took on both his foes at the same time in a handicap match. He then proceded to literally demolish both with his "head crusher" in less then four minutes. Certainly a wrestler who can accomplish such a feat deserves mention in your great magazine. He now has a standing offer for any wrestler to remain 30 minutes in the ring with him. If anyone can, it is worth $5,000.

JIM STILLER
Clarendon Hills, Ill.

When I Become Champion

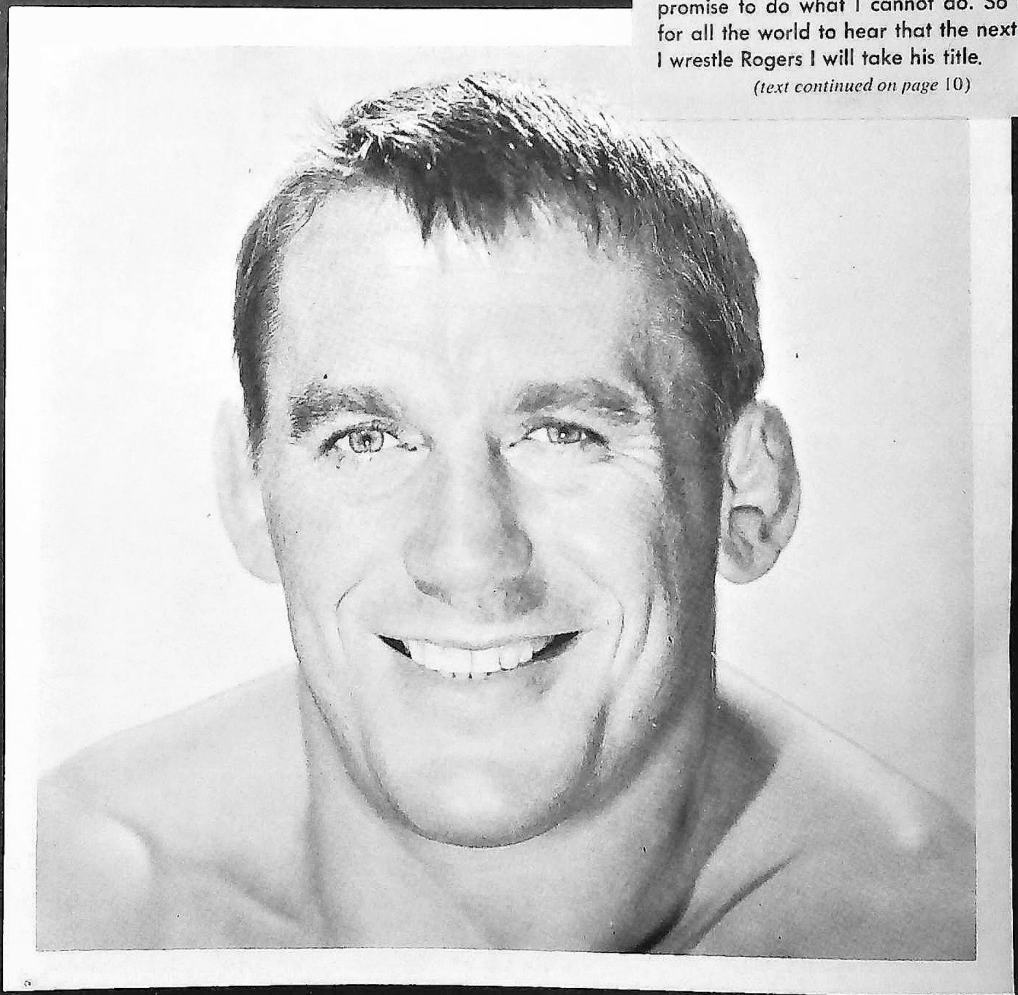
BY EDOUARD CARPENTIER

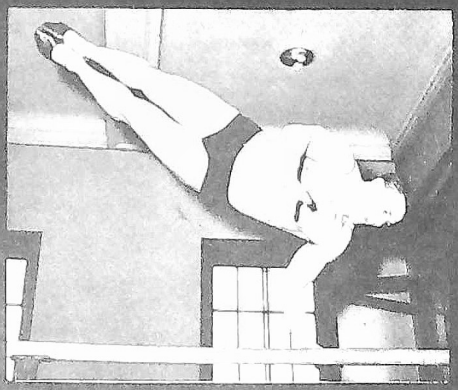
I have many plans for the future—plans to make wrestling much better than it is now. But first I must do what must be done—I must beat Buddy Rogers!

I AM GOING TO BE the next heavyweight champion of the world. And I am going to keep my title until I retire — in 1970! What's more, I will defend my title against all worthy challengers. I will shame bragging, strutting fellows like Buddy Rogers, men who have made the championship something to laugh at.

My fans know that I never brag, I never promise to do what I cannot do. So I say for all the world to hear that the next time I wrestle Rogers I will take his title.

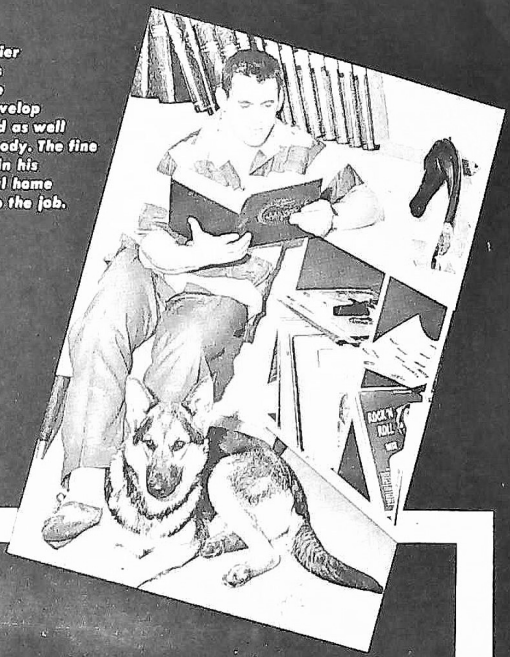
(text continued on page 10)





Physical fitness fanatic Carpentier, who devotes at least three hours daily to "fine-tuning" his magnificent body, performs a difficult single-armed handstand.

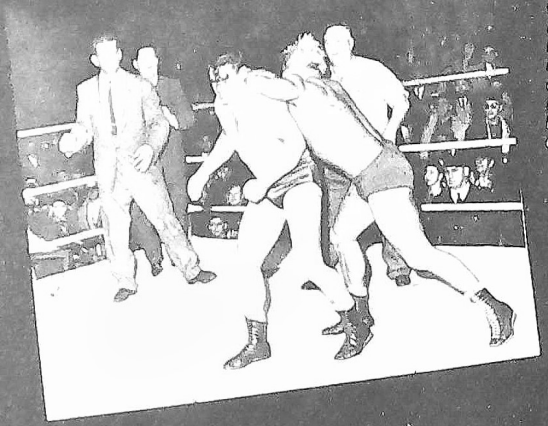
Carpentier believes that one must develop the mind as well as the body. The fine library in his Montreal home helps do the job.



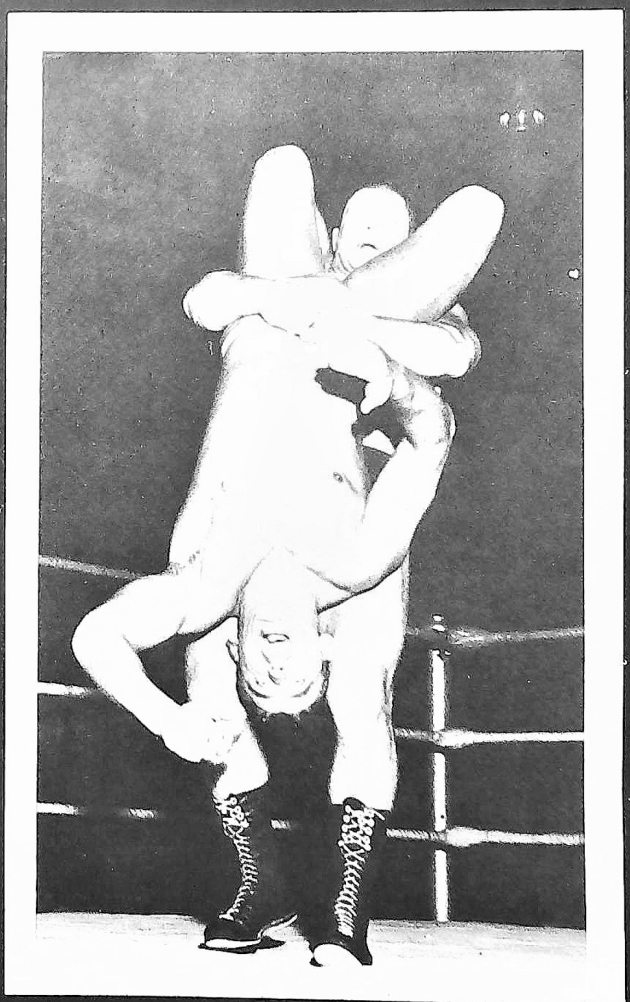
An enormously powerful man, Ed easily whips 230-pound champion Buddy Rogers half-way across the ring.

I WOULD HAVE BEATEN Rogers in Montreal last April. I deliberately let him win the first fall, just to make him overconfident. Then I won the second fall easily, in just three minutes time. I had allowed myself ten minutes to take the third fall, and my plan was running right on schedule. Rogers was exhausted and desperate. I had already floored him several times with flying drop kicks. Now I was ready to lay him out for good. If Johnny Rougeau had not given me an unwelcome helping hand, I would be champion today. I'm not mad at Johnny. He is a fine wrestler. But Roger's dirty tricks were just too much for him to bear. When Rougeau jumped into the ring to help me, I thought to myself, "The referee will push him out for sure!" I shouted to him, in French, "Go 'way, Johnny! I can handle Rogers." But that did not stop him. He tried to help me, but got me disqualified instead.

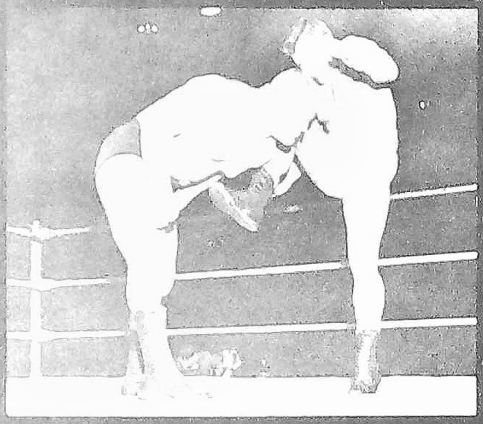
I will be a popular champion. I want that very much. They tell me I am good-looking. Sure, I want to be good-looking, but I don't make a fool of myself about it, like Johnny Barend does. I don't stare into mirrors and chatter like a parrot. What kind of way is that for a man to act? No, I would rather be ugly with two noses and one eye . . . and a great wrestler, than to be a handsome fraud. Ability and courage are what make great athletes. These are the things I pray I will always have.



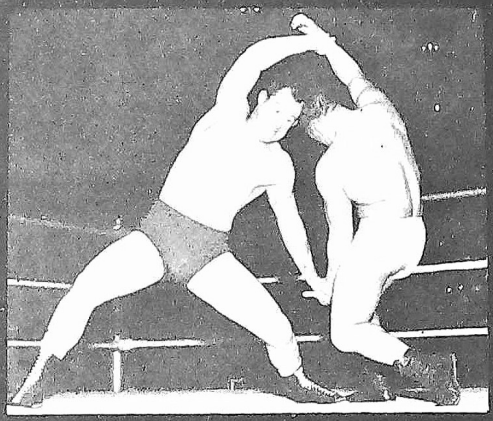
Carpentier and Rogers have met several times. This bout, held in Montreal in 1959, ended in a riot with Rogers (right) disqualified.



Ed's great body control has often saved him from serious injury when caught in dangerous situations like this. When Bruiser tried to ram his head through the floor, Ed caught impact of the fall on his hands, not his head.



Angered by the Bruiser's repeated fouling, Carpentier roared back to punish him with a series of booming knee lifts.

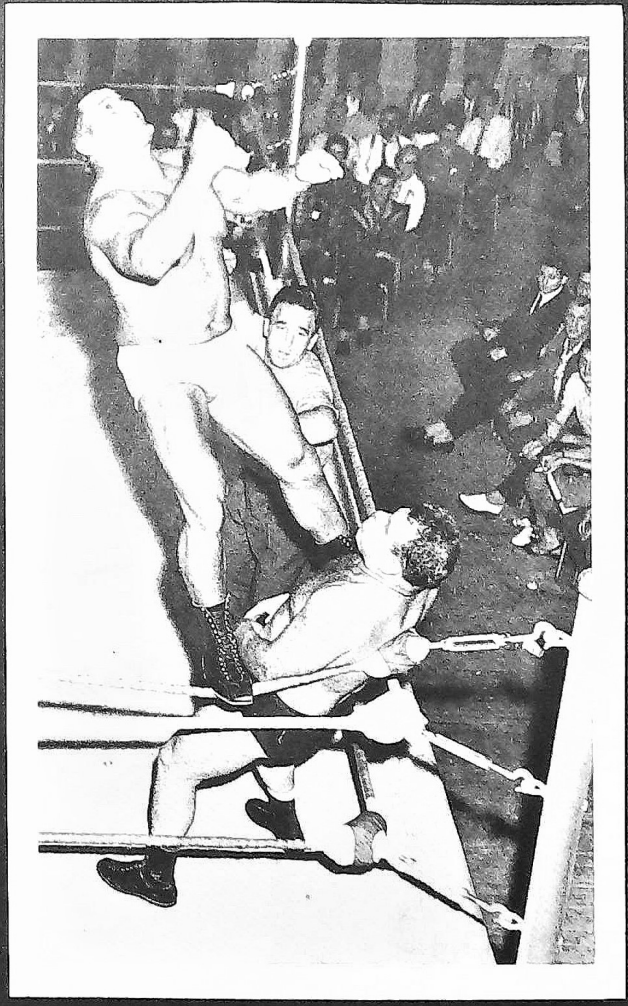


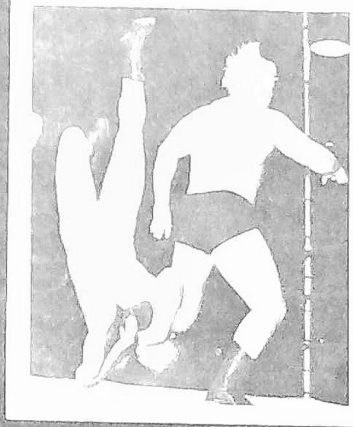
Carpentier (right) and Pat O'Connor look like a Greek sculpture as they lock in strength duel during a 1960 bout.

I will go to any lengths to defend my championship . . . I promise you that. Rogers shied away from wrestling Sailor Thomas for years because he was afraid of Thomas. And Thomas nearly beat him. It was very close. I am sure that it would be Thomas who I would be challenging now, and not Rogers, were it not for that silly Texas technical rule that caused Art to be disqualified. Thomas hurt Rogers so badly that Buddy had to be carried from the ring. He never even heard the official announcement that he was still champion.

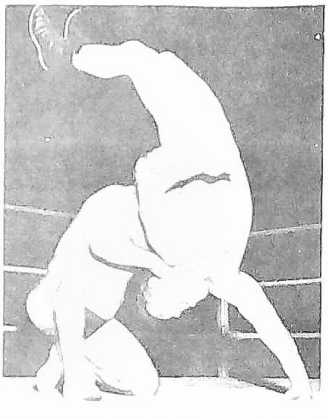
You see what I mean? Rogers always seems to win on disqualifications. Seldom does he win on his ability. But the time will come when his opponent will *not* be disqualified because of some technicality. I only hope I am that opponent.

Another promise I am happy to make is that I will continue my offer to face the heavyweight boxing champion, whomever he may be, in a mixed wrestling-boxing match, so as to decide once and for all which is the tougher of the

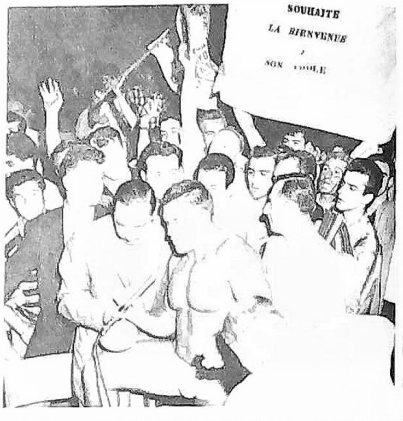




Ed, although in no position to fight back, clings to Crusher Lisowski's leg.

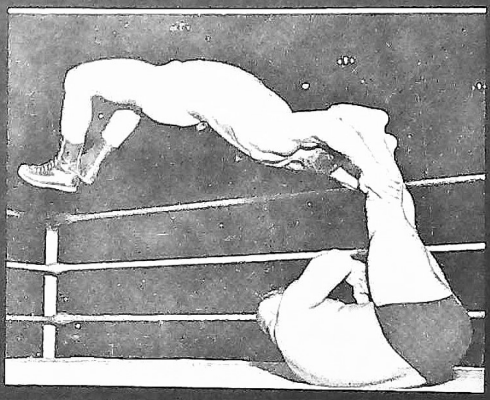


Amazing handstand by Carpentier enabled him to break Gorgeous George's headlock.



Ed is engulfed by admirers after winning a brilliant bout in Montreal.

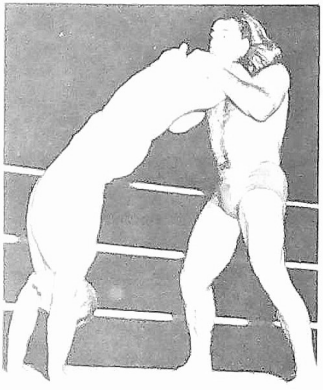
Stan Lisowski, who was eventually pinned by Carpentier, holds Ed in tight headlock.



Ed takes off like a rocket to break out of Mr. Hito's body scissors. Only Carpentier can perform such fantastic feats.

Spinning out of a hammerlock the hard way. With one simple back flip, Ed is free and Boris Volkoff can't understand it.

Carpentier hams it up on Hollywood TV show. The famous Sandor Szabo is at left.



Ed uses his patented version of a head scissors on the great Antonino Rocca.

Leg injury suffered in bout with Killer Kowalski put Ed in hospital for two weeks.

After wrestling to a sizzling draw, Lou Thesz (left) congratulates Carpentier for his magnificent display of skill and sportsmanship.

two sports. I was willing to put up $100,000 if Floyd Patterson would meet me. But he never even answered. Is this silence worthy of a true champion? I promise not to cripple or injure Patterson, or whatever boxer I meet.

I love wrestling; I want to see it enjoy the same prestige as boxing. I want to be the champion of a sport which everybody respects.

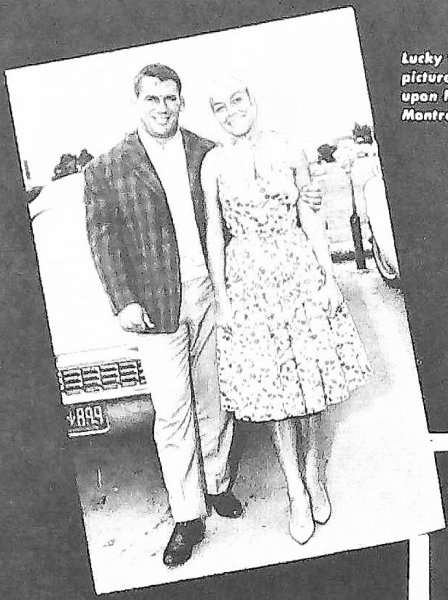
And listen, all you wrestling fans: you don't have to worry about a foreigner taking away your title. I am now a Canadian citizen, and Canadians are Americans, too! I'll keep the title right here in North America, where it belongs.

I think to myself that I am the only heavyweight who can claim never to have been beaten in five years. Wait! Before you start pointing to those matches I lost to Rogers, Fred Blassie and Dick Bruiser, let me explain: I do not call any of those men wrestlers. They are hooligans . . . barroom brawlers — not wrestlers! I admire men like Rocca, whom I met for the first time back in October, 1957. Rocca is a gentleman and a great athlete . . . perhaps the greatest in the whole world. Rocca injured my leg so badly that it had to have an operation. He kept me out of action for months, but I still like and admire him. What happened to me was an unfortunate accident. Rocca wrestles rough, but he also wrestles fair. The injury could have happened to him just as easily.

Lou Thesz I also admire as a great athlete. He has vast courage and skill. Jack Dempsey refereed our match in 1957, and he said that of all the matches he has refereed, that one will forever stand out in his mind. Thesz was maybe a little too eager that night. He might have beaten me, but he tried so hard that he lost his head and I was finally able to beat him with drop kicks.

Now you can understand why I say that I never lost a match — not to a *real* wrestler, anyway. The others don't count. Even as a little boy in Roannes, France, I hated street brawling. I think a champion should set an example for good over evil — like Joan of Arc.

The one thing that I am afraid of is that even when I am champion, this magazine will again print that terrible picture of Hans Schmidt tearing off my trunks. I

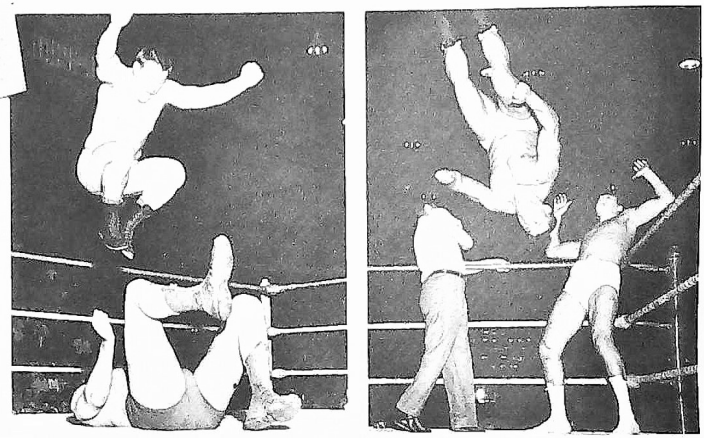


Lucky woman gets her picture taken with Ed upon his arrival in Montreal in 1960.

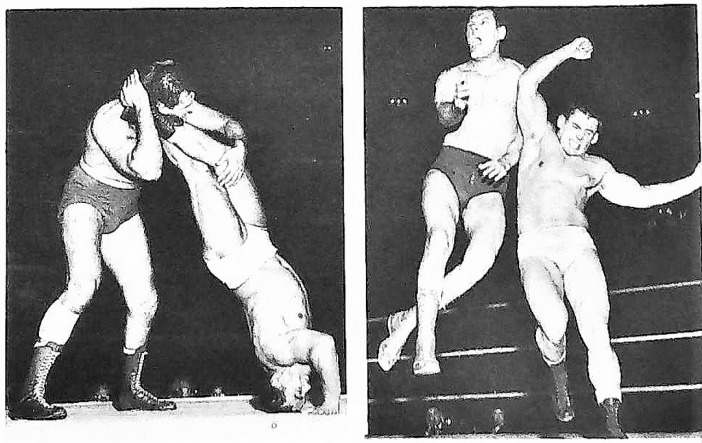
Ed packs his bags in Montreal before departing for a California tour in 1960.

am a man of dignity, and that picture is very undignified. I am not ashamed of my body; it is strong and healthy. But I am ashamed of being undignified. I offered $500 for that negative, but they would not sell.

Last, let me tell you that I am not a fool. I know that Buddy Rogers is tough and strong. I know that he has not held the championship two-and-a-half years by just talking about how good he is! It is like one of those cowboy movies; as soon as you get the reputation for being fastest with a gun, everybody wants to shoot at you. Well, everybody has been shooting at Rogers, but, fairly or not, he still holds that title. I guess when I take it away from him, everybody will then start shooting at me. And "everybody" means the best and toughest wrestlers in the world. But I am ready! I have already beaten most of them, now I am prepared to do it again.

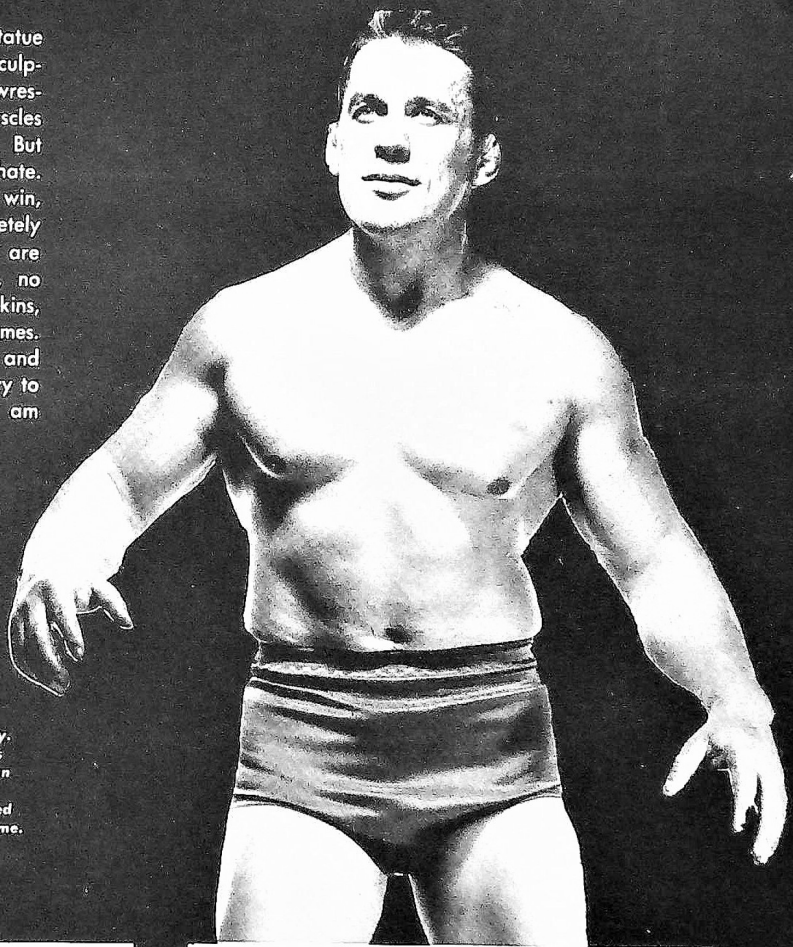


The two pictures above and the three below capture some of the highlights of Carpentier's classic bouts with Killer Kowalski, who Ed calls "My most hated rival."

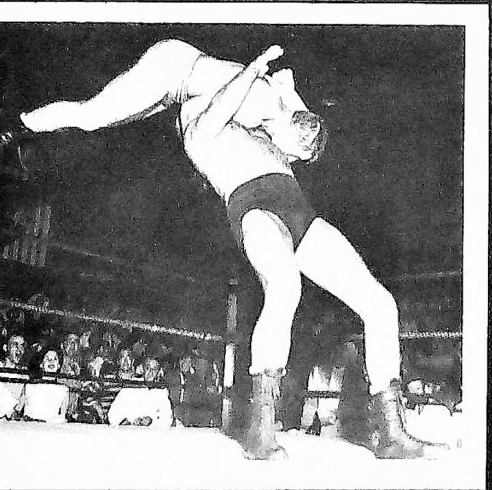


Carpentier actually hates to face Kowalski. "It is not that I am afraid of him," he explained, "but this man has no sense of honor. He is nothing but an animal."

I remember once seeing a statue in the Louvre by the Greek sculptor Praxiteles. It shows two wrestlers locked in a hold, their muscles straining, their faces tense. But those faces show no sign of hate. Each man is trying his best to win, of course, but not to completely destroy his opponent. There are no fancy masks, no capes, no walking sticks, no leopard skins, no turbans, no foolish costumes. Just wrestling — clean, hard and beautiful. That's what I will try to bring to the sport when I am champion. •



Carpentier as he looks today. A quiet, modest man, he has built up the largest American following of any foreign wrestler in history, as proved by his $100,000 a year income.



Carpentier (up) says proudly, "I have beaten Killer more times than he beat me."

Carpentier (center) when he first came to America in 1956, was greeted by Larry Moquin (left), and the great Yvon Robert.

WRESTLING 1963

The Year of Challenges — and Changes

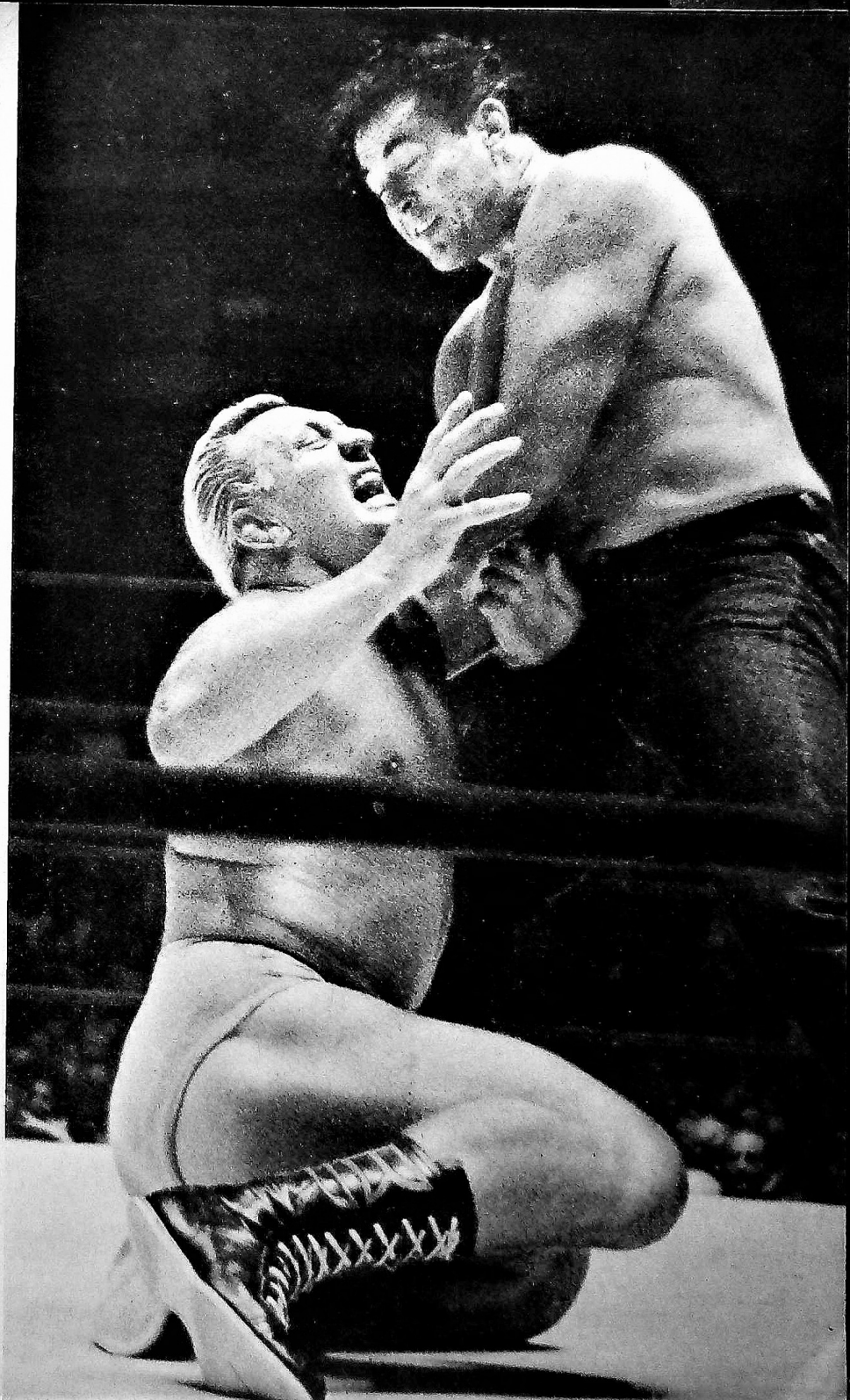
There are surprises — possibly drastic changes coming in the year ahead. There will be new clubs mushrooming up all over the country to satisfy the ever growing demand for more wrestling. And with the new clubs will come new talent to provide the thrills and chills that are spawned only in wrestling rings.

Wrestlers from Mexico, South America, Europe and Australia will infiltrate North America in hopes of cutting themselves a chunk of the lucrative market. The question is: will these foreign stars be able to generate the kind of excitement American and Canadian fans are accustomed to? As a general rule, judging from the past, the odds are against them.

Televised wrestling will be cut down, because of the growing feeling in promotional circles that you cannot give something away for nothing and then ask people to pay to see the same thing.

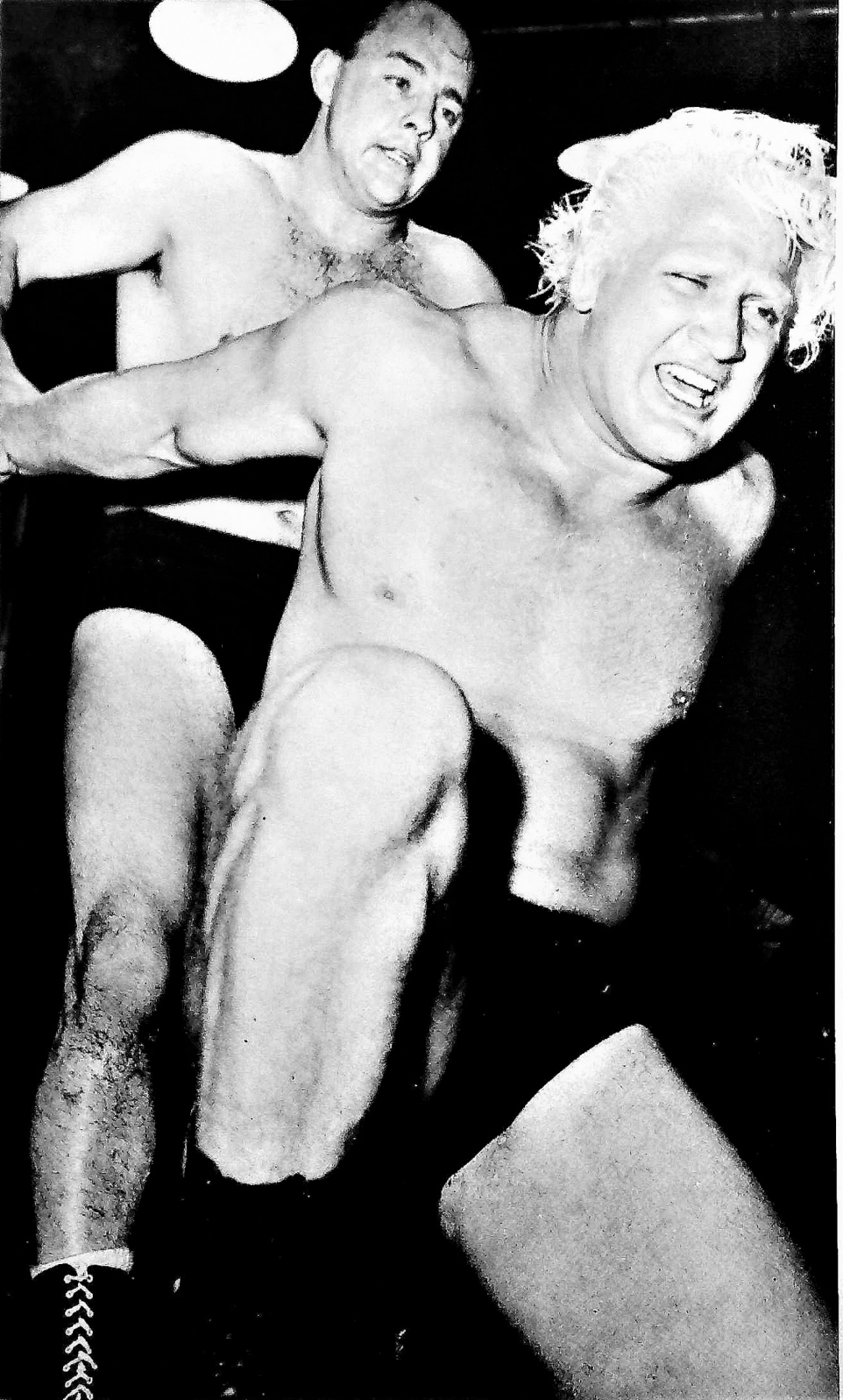
Buddy Rogers, who has held the championship since June 1961, is visibly showing the wear and tear of his killing schedule. Rogers, good as he is, cannot be expected to defend his title night after night against the roughest men in the business and still retain his sharp edge. Thus the day is rapidly approaching when champion Rogers will find himself in the ring with a determined young tiger who will put an end to his reign.

But wrestling is a complex sport, with all kinds of talented men required to keep it healthy and growing. It could not, for example, continue to thrive without the stars you see pictured on these pages.



The ultimate objective of every wrestler is to become champion of the world. Many get the opportunity to win the title, but you can go back 20 years and count those who made it on your fingers.

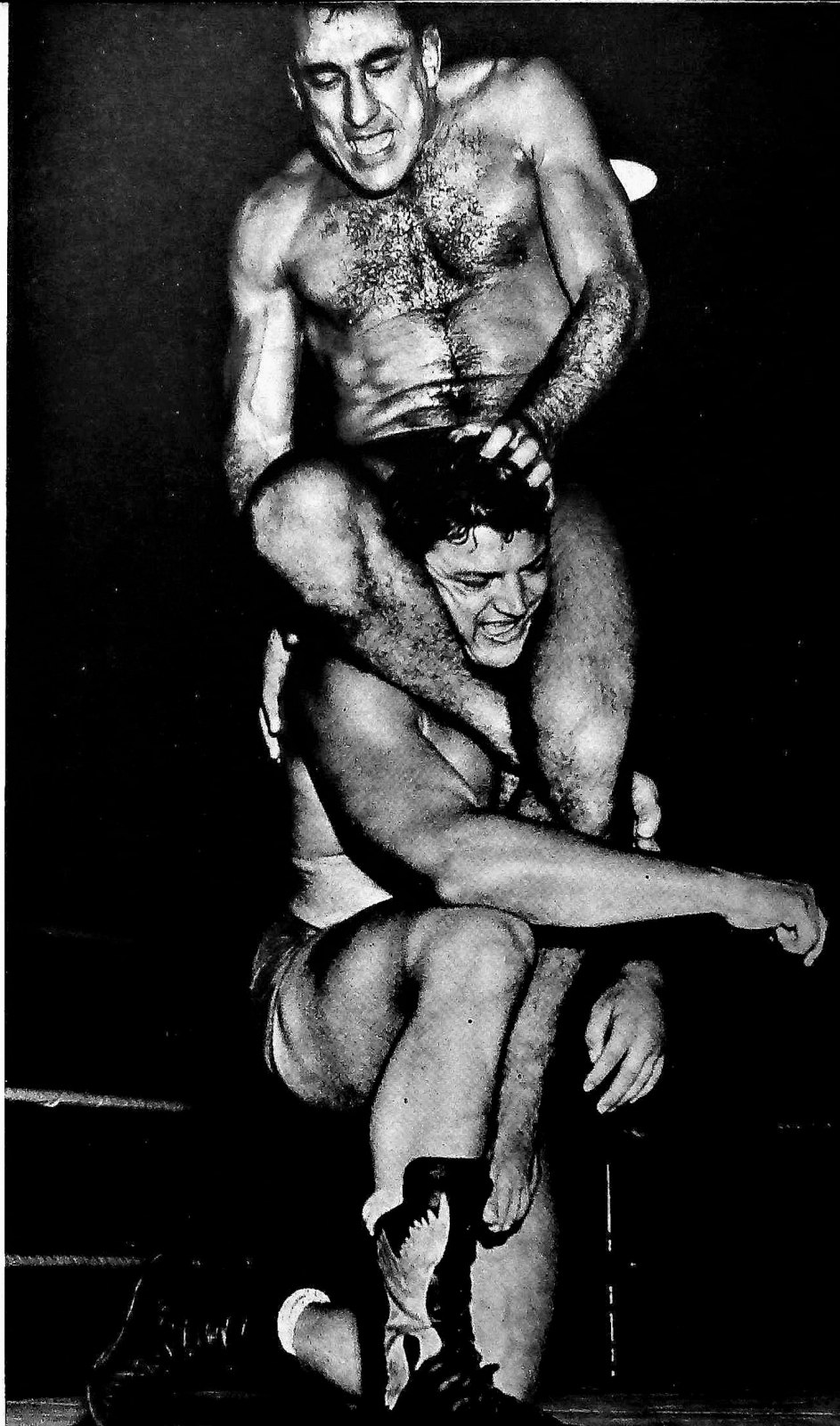
BOB ELLIS (right) tries hard to beat champion BUDDY ROGERS. But again he fails.



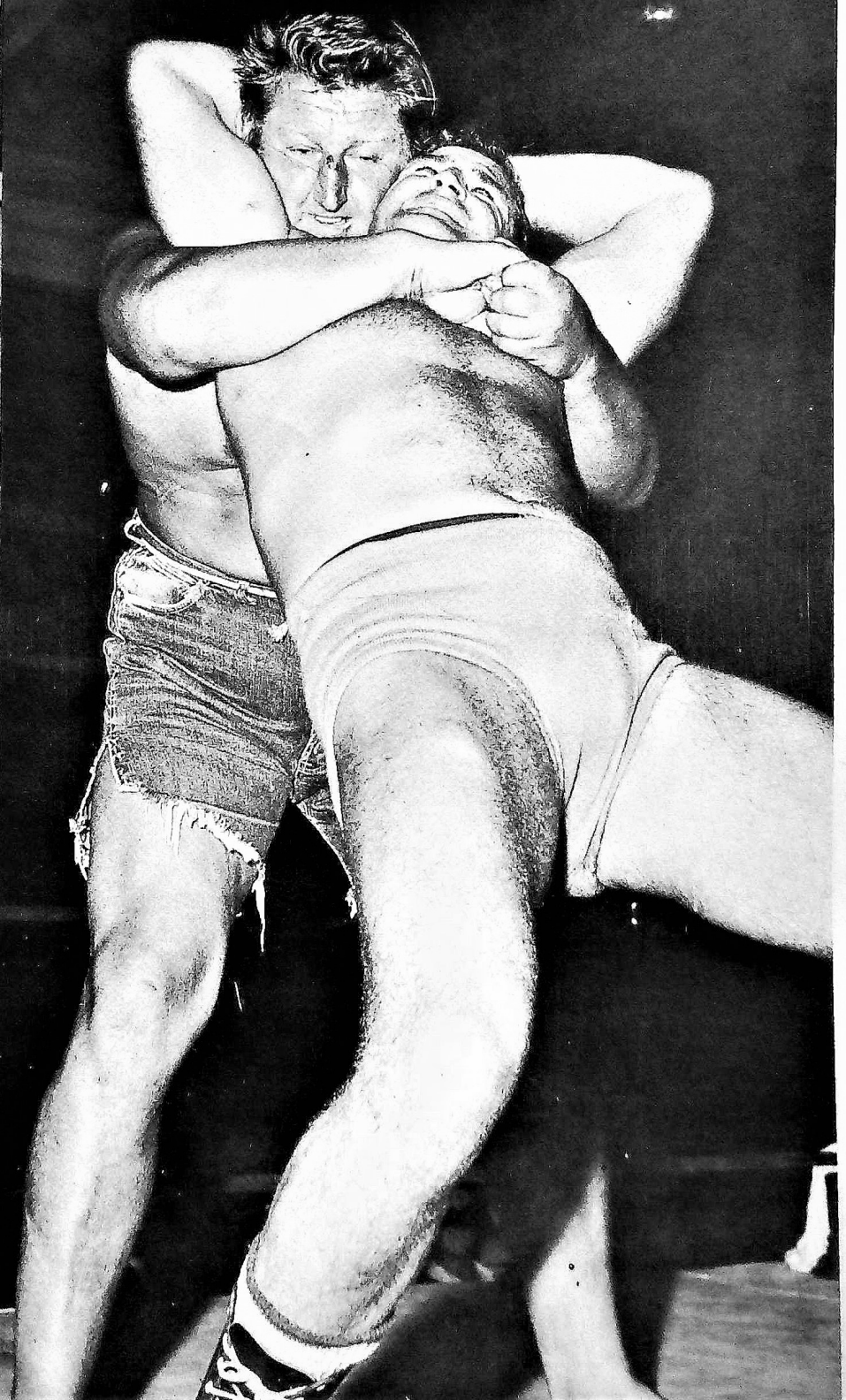
Modern wrestling plays on human emotions. The proven formula of success is to pit the hero against the villain. Everybody hates the villain. They abuse him verbally, even throw objects at him. But just think how dull pro wrestling would be without those hateful bad guys.

VERNE GAGNE is one of the great heroes of our time. His victim, **STAN NEILSON**, (right) is an unforgettable heel.

Once every 25 years a popular idol comes along to capture the public's heart with his magnetic personality and extraordinary skills. A quarter of a century ago Jim Londos filled the role perfectly. Many years passed before another came along with the magic of a Londos. He is a dynamic Italian, raised in Argentina, with a pair of legs that can do everything but talk.



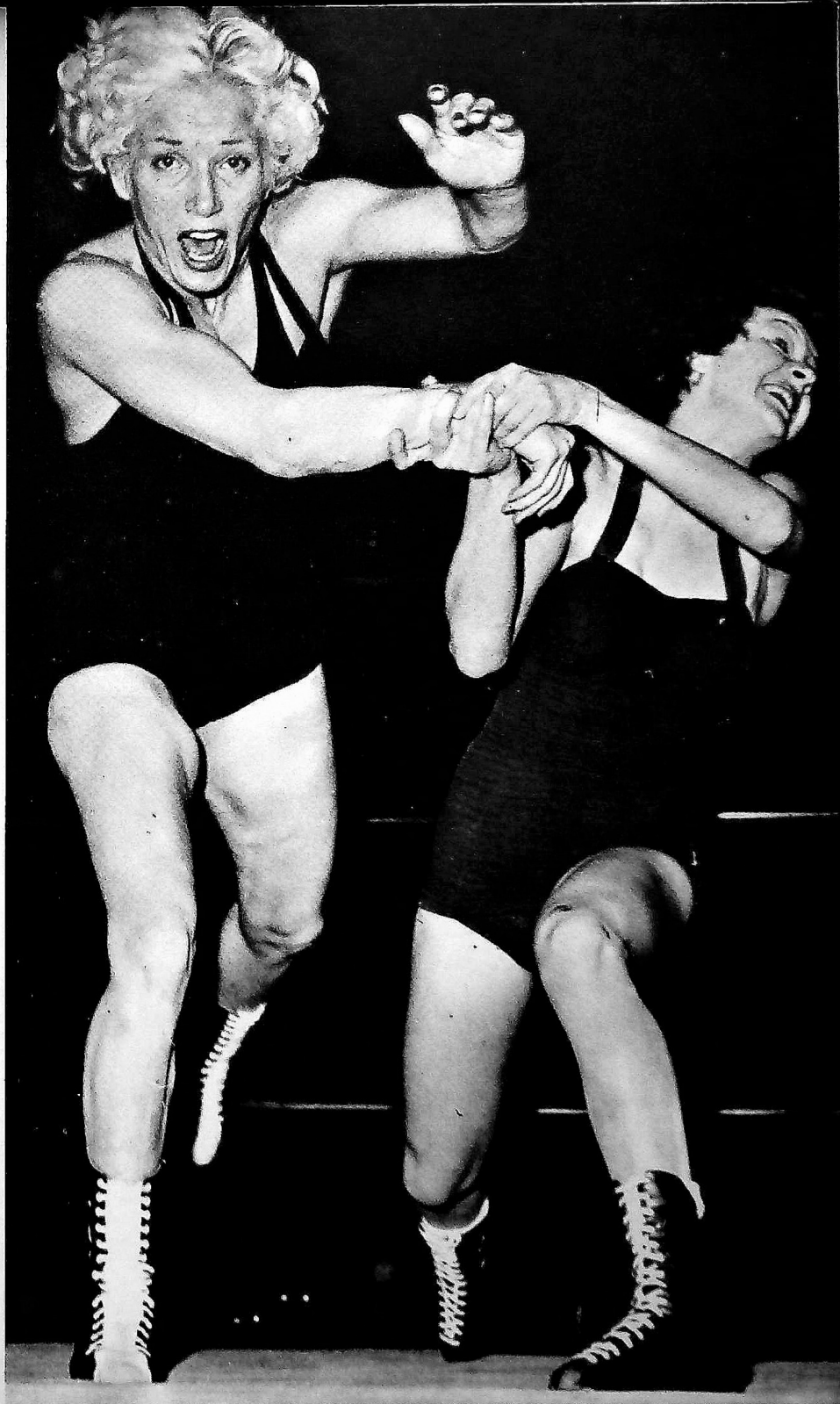
ANTONINO ROCCA rides **DON LEO JONATHAN'S** back.



Wrestlers, as a group, are enormously powerful individuals. In fact, even devoted fans would be amazed if they realized the awesome strength the average wrestler has at his command. But then, if they did realize it, they probably would stop throwing things at them and calling them abusive names for fear of reprisal, which would take some of the fun out of going to the matches.

Powerhouse YUKON ERIC makes ROY McCLARITY blackout by squeezing his upper body.

As a change of pace, wrestling offers its novelties: the delightful little midgets and their particular brand of laughs and thrills—and the girls! Ah, the girls. Those gorgeous, brave creatures who make a man want to run home and kick his wife out the door for not being a real woman. Women wrestling is enjoying a snowballing interest wherever it is permitted. And for good reason.



LORRAINE JOHNSON (left) and KAY NOBLE.

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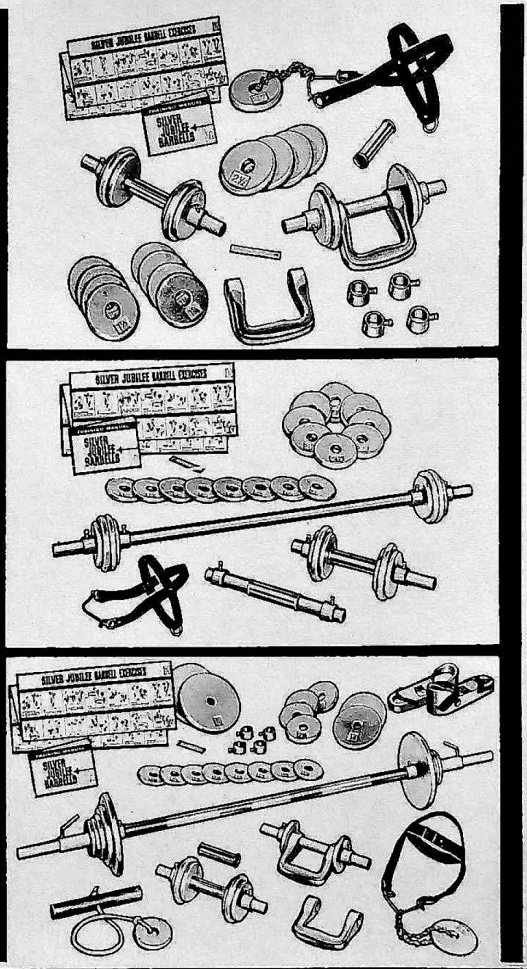

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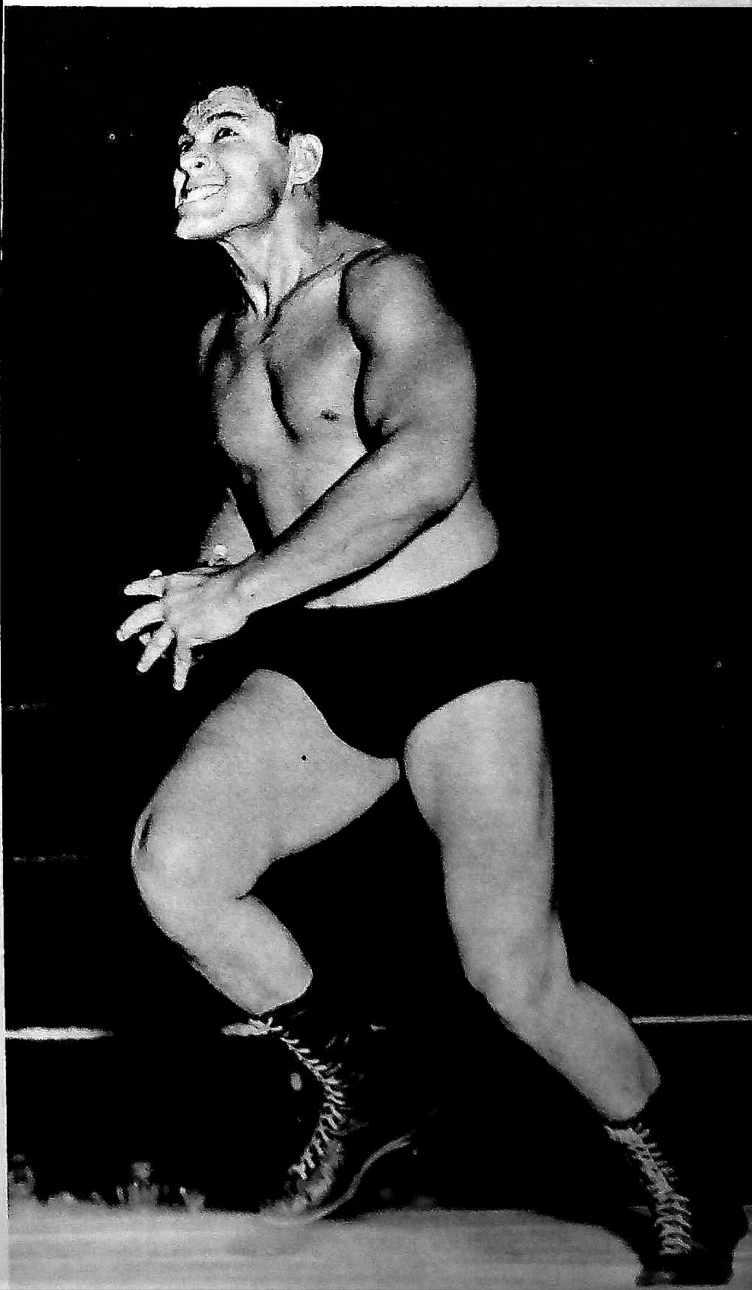
Portrait in Courage

BY ELLIOTT PASTERNACK

The happy Rodrigues family arrives at arena for a bout. Peggy Sue is followed by David who is carrying David, Jr.

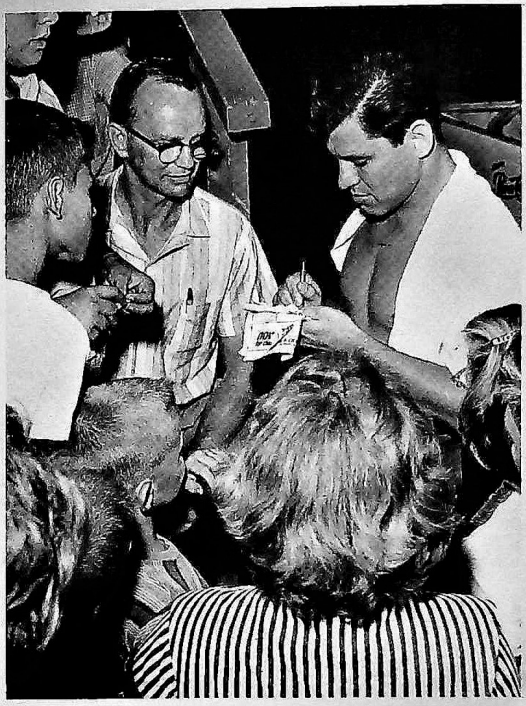
David Rodrigues can neither speak nor hear. But to watch him perform in a wrestling ring is both thrilling and inspiring.



Tense with emotion, Rodrigues charges across ring at his opponent.

(continued on next page)

David and Peggy Sue were married in an Amarillo, Texas, ring on July 7, 1960. Best man was wrestler Joe Hamilton (left).



David, who is enormously popular with the crowds, willingly signs autographs before recent match in Angleton, Texas.

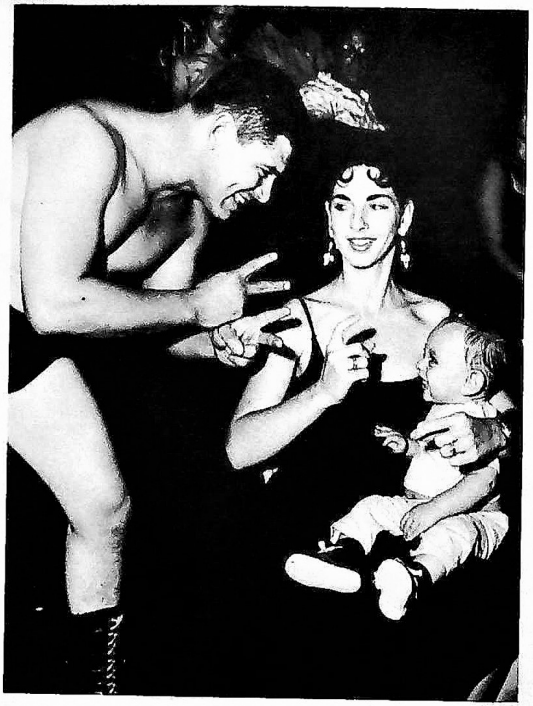
THE WOMAN PAUSED for a moment at her task of washing clothes at the river bank. She glanced up proudly at the graceful figure of the man, poised at the edge of a fifty foot cliff. A flexing of the knees, a light spring and the man soared into the air and plunged into the water below, scarcely leaving a ripple behind him.

Then, her pleasure turned to horror. "Cuidado . . . el nino!" "Watch the boy!" she screamed, but it was too late. Three-year-old David Rodrigues had watched his father dive expertly, and couldn't realize that he was too young to follow. Like a parody of his father's practiced form, young David leaped off the cliff and slammed into the water. They fished him out, gasping and crying in pain. They were prayerfully grateful that he was still alive . . . too grateful to worry about the thin trickle of blood that stained his ears. Some days later, when David's father called to him, and the boy didn't even turn his head, his parents realized what the trickle of blood meant. David had ruptured his eardrums, permanently, beyond surgical saving. He was deaf, and, since he had not yet learned to speak, he would be mute as well.

To most men, a physical handicap of this magnitude would change the course of their lives for the worse. But to the sturdy lad from Monterrey, Mexico, the injury became a challenge. He had the stuff of greatness in him, and no injury, no handicap short of death itself could keep it from blooming.

He could not hear, he could not speak. So be it. But he could develop other traits and abilities to dimensions that would mark him as outstanding, and he did. He trained his body, strengthening his muscles, taking on the skill and stamina of an athlete. At the age of thirteen, he had already built a local reputation as an amateur wrestler. His bunched, steel-strong muscles combined with a panther-like grace had done much to compensate for his handicaps. He learned to read faces in a crowd to determine if they liked his work. He had developed an uncanny ability to "hear" sounds through the soles of his feet, even on padded canvas.

With manhood came the desire to become a professional, but promoters were reluctant to give him a chance. How would it look, having a handicapped youngster beaten up by whole men? But David Rodrigues persisted, and somehow managed to persuade one promoter to give him his first professional bout. How did it look? It looked great! David won



David, Jr. gives out with a big grin while Daddy and Mommy check signals before Rodrigues entered the ring.

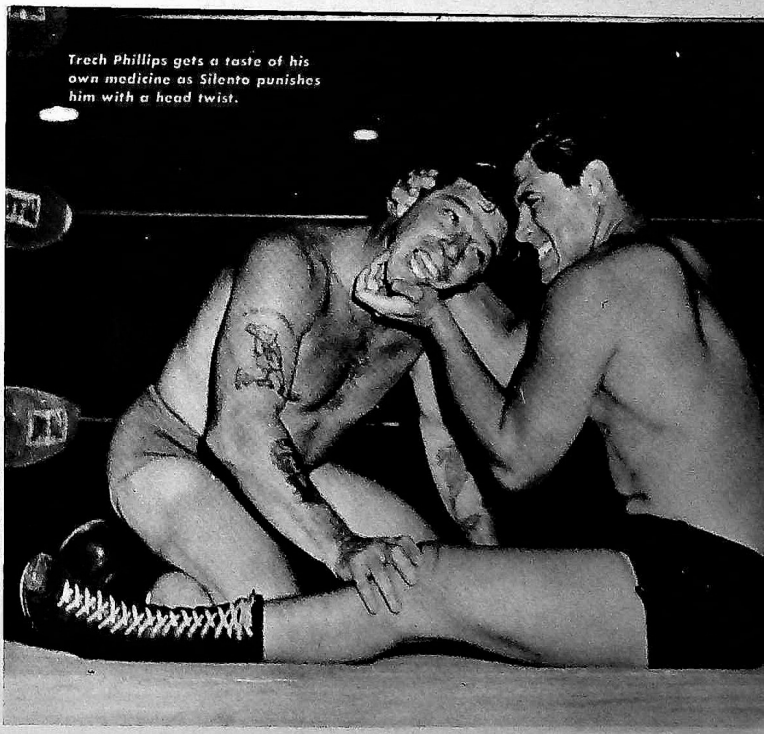
screamed in pain and reached for her bruised ankle. For the first time in his life, David Rodrigues felt deep sorrow at his inability to speak. He couldn't even apologize . . . not with words. But his subsequent efforts to atone were so successful that he married the girl a few months later!

"The first time he came to see me," recalls beautiful Peggy Sue, "he was so embarrassed I just couldn't be mad at him. After all, it really wasn't his fault. I knew he was deaf and mute, but I didn't feel sorry for him because he didn't feel sorry for himself. He asked me, in sign language, how my ankle was. I answered, also in sign language, that it would be

the match easily. Also, the promoter was canny enough to notice the excited exclamations from women in the audience at the sight of David's dark, handsome face and magnificent build. More matches followed, and David's star began to rocket.

At about this time, a Mexican sports writer referred to Rodrigues, as El Silento . . . *The Silent One.* The nickname was offered in pure admiration, and it stuck. In the Southwest, where he is currently wrestling, few people know that his name is David. It's "Silento" Rodrigues, the man who had courage to beat fate!

Early in 1960, Silento was wrestling in Amarillo, Texas, against a mauler famous for his ability to toss opponents out of the ring. Silento suffered this fate, and landed with a crash against the shapely legs of a pretty fan who was sitting in the first row. She



Trech Phillips gets a taste of his own medicine as Silento punishes him with a head twist.

all right and not to worry about it.

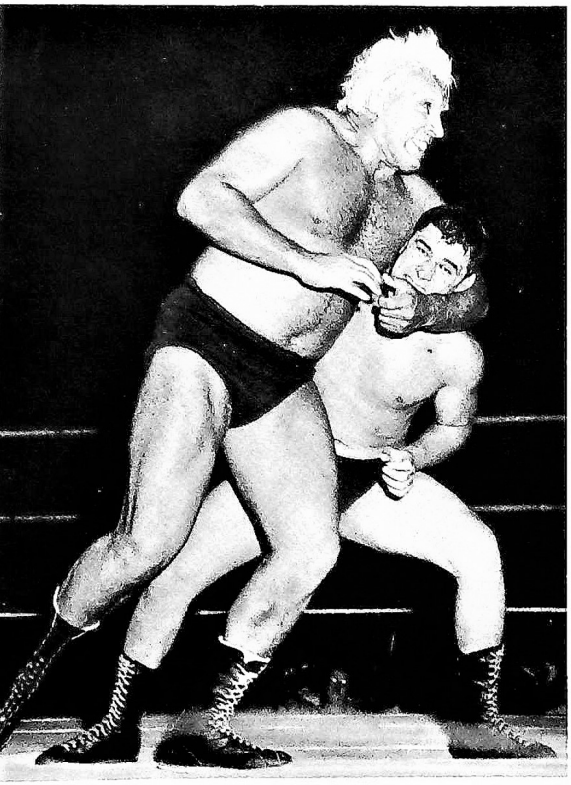
After my ankle healed, we started dating. He's a wonderful dancer. He *feels* the beat of an orchestra better than most people can hear it, and he's wonderfully light and graceful on his feet.

When I noticed other girls staring at him, I decided I'd better marry him before somebody grabbed him away!"

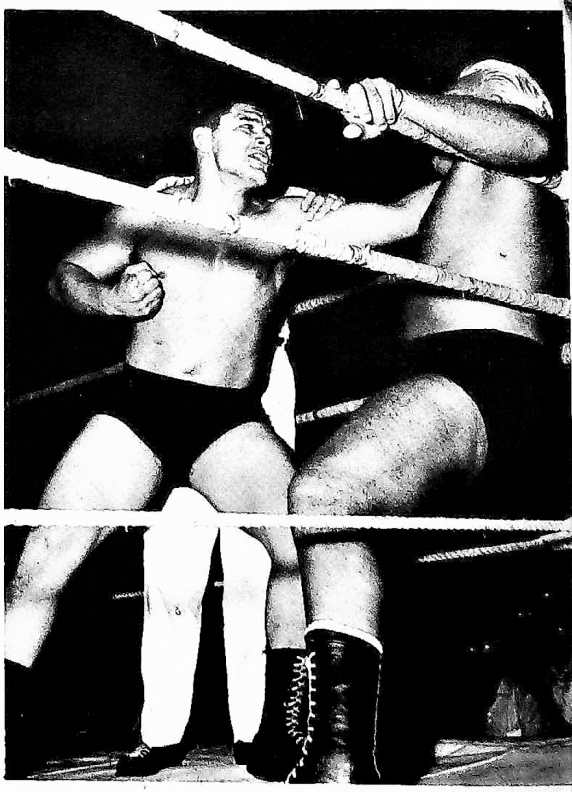
And married they were . . . right in the ring in Amarillo's sports arena, with a crowd of wrestling fans as witnesses, and wrestler Joe Hamilton the best man. A more appropriate wedding for a top wrestler and an enthusiastic wrestling fan could hardly be imagined!

Today, Peggy Sue accompanies Silento on all his travels. With 7-month-old David Jr. perched in her lap, she sits at ringside and coaches her husband, offering him advice and warnings more efficiently than if she had to shout over the noise of the crowd. They use standard sign language, which Silento has taught her, and a privately worked-out system of danger signals. Occasionally Peggy Sue has to miss a match, and Silento falls back on his earlier technique of watching faces in the crowd and sensing movement through the soles of his feet.

Either way, this handsome Latin has piled up an impressive record of wins against top opposition. He is respected for his courage, for his skill, for his clean, purely athletic style. As Peggy Sue put it, "He's an inspiration to everybody. He's proved that nothing is too big to beat if you've got the heart to fight it!" ●



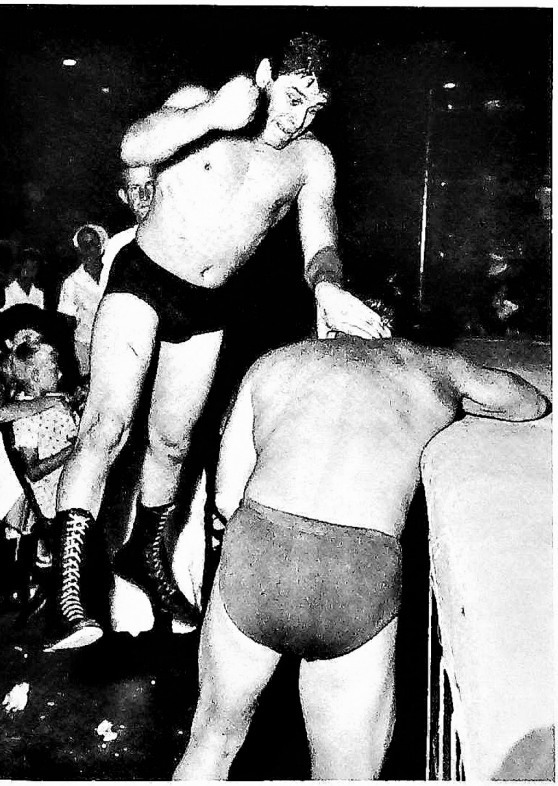
Tarzan Tyler is about to be catapulted across ring by David during match in Beaumont, Texas. Bout ended in a draw.



After keeping his temper despite Tyler's constant fouling, Rodrigues suddenly exploded and battered the big blond.

The three pictures above and the one at right show Peggy Sue, while holding David, Jr. in her lap, flashing signals to her husband in the ring. He looks at her constantly to learn how the crowd is reacting to what he is doing.

The match over, Peggy Sue tells Rodrigues that he made many mistakes. "You must be better next time," she warned.

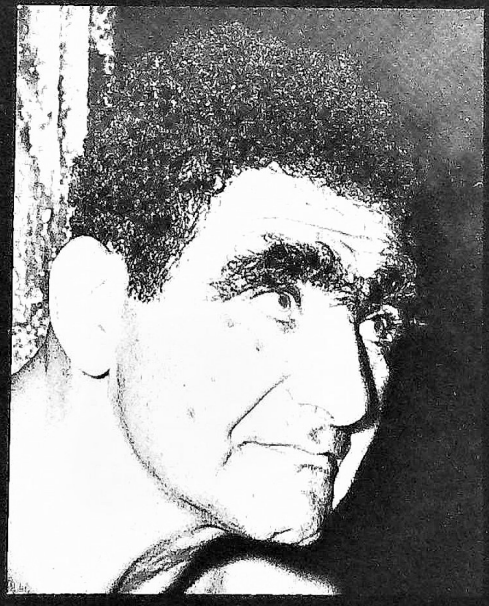


Trech Phillips, who gives Silento a great deal of trouble whenever they wrestle, is hammered into submission.

Referee MARVIN JONES, left, and JOHN PAUL HENNING.

Pictured on these pages is an assorted variety of well known faces, all gazing intently at someone or something

What are



BULL CURRY

JERRY KOZAK

NICK KOZAK

PAMPERO FIRPO

THE GREAT BOLO

they looking at ?

WHAT WAS IT THAT CAUSED Bull Curry's famous black brows to raise almost up to his hairline? What was it that made Nick Kozak's eyes pop like peeled onions? What was it that shook the unshakable Great Bolo, and moved the immovable Pampero Firpo? Could they be watching an electrocution in the state penitentiary? Or maybe one of their fellow wrestlers being carried out of the ring, seriously injured.

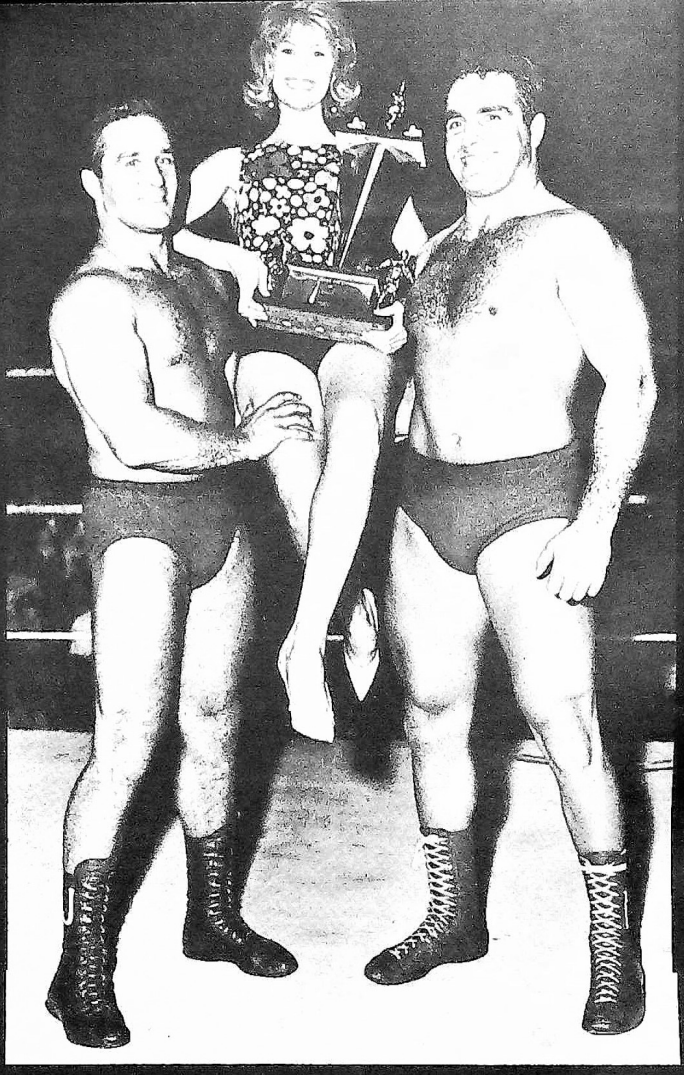
Or maybe it was something gay, like a wedding, or somebody winning a grand prize of ten thousand dollars.

All possibilities, to be sure. But to see what really caused these intent expressions, turn the page.

?

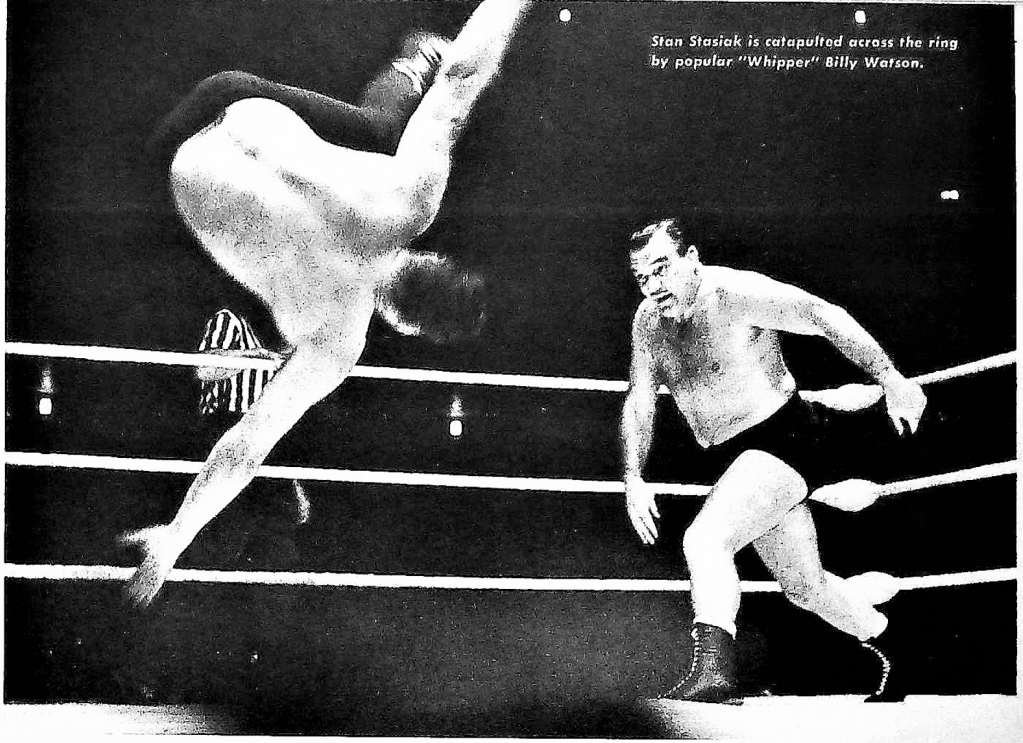
BEFORE the regularly scheduled wrestling matches in Houston, Texas, one night last July, a beauty contest was held to choose "Miss Texas Wrestling, 1962". The pleasant task of picking the winner fell to the wrestlers slated to appear on the evening's program, and the two referees, Marvin Jones and Otto Kuss. After careful observation and much heated deliberation, the judges unanimously chose Miss Sammi Williamson, a shapely, honey-haired beauty with a melting smile.

After the decision was announced to the pop-eyed crowd of some 7,000, all the judges made a mad dash through the ropes. Handsome idols Nick and Jerry Kozak won the race and got the honor of hoisting the fair maiden aloft (Watch that hand, Jerry!).



The winner, Sammi Williamson, is awarded trophy and declared "Miss Texas Wrestling of 1962". Nick and Jerry Kozak, because they were first into the ring, got the honor of posing with the new queen.

The beautiful girls paraded gracefully around the ring as the judges strained for a closer look.



Stan Stasiak is catapulted across the ring by popular "Whipper" Billy Watson.

HELL RAISING AT THE KIEL

THE KIEL AUDITORIUM is a magnificent arena. Built of imported granite, it occupies an entire square block of very valuable St. Louis real estate. It has about 13,000 comfortable seats, every one with a clear, unobstructed view of the ring.

This "clear, unobstructed" view takes on special significance each time The Kiel houses a wrestling show, for wrestling there has its own distinctive qualities, its own peculiar zest and fire which sets it apart from bouts anywhere else in the world.

Masterminded by brilliant promoter Sam Muchnick, wrestling at The Kiel ranks with such other world famous St. Louis landmarks as the Mississippi, Forrest Park, and Stan Musial.

Says Muchnick, "I don't know how it is anyplace else, but people here in St. Louis know class, and they won't buy anything else! You can't give them anything but the very best and still stay in business."

Operating under that kind of policy can be very expensive. It causes Sam to reach out thousands of miles to import the best talent for his Kiel spectaculars.

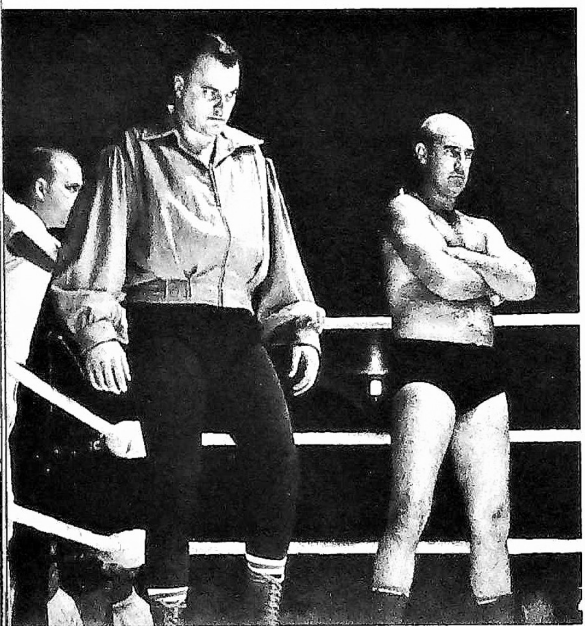
For the Kiel show pictured on these pages, Muchnick brought in the great Whipper Watson all the way from Calgary, Canada. Buddy Rogers, the champion, was talked into making the trip from Portland, Oregon, while Johnny Valentine was brought in from New York, and Ed Carpentier from Montreal. The six girls who wrestled that night were collected from points as far apart as 1,200 miles and cost Sam $900 for travelling expenses alone.

When Muchnick added up all the "extra" travelling costs, it came to a hefty $3432.06. But the next day, Sam leaned back in his easy chair in the old Claridge Hotel and grinned: "It was worth it. The people loved it."

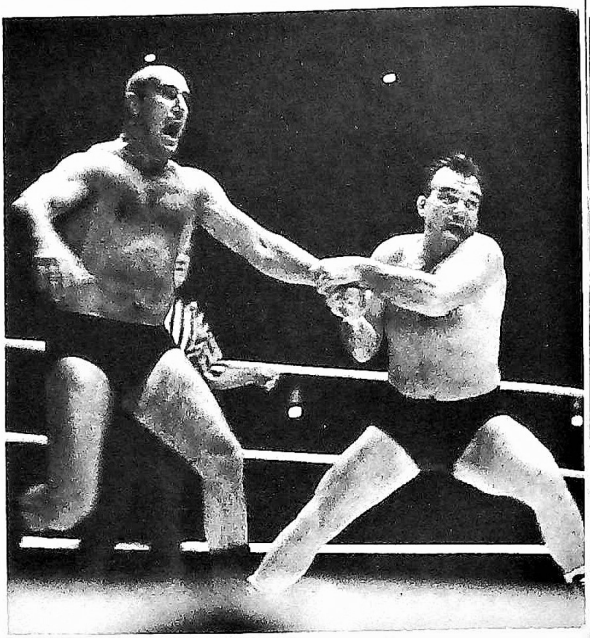
For a sampling of wrestling, "Kiel Style", turn the page.

Photographed by STANLEY WESTON

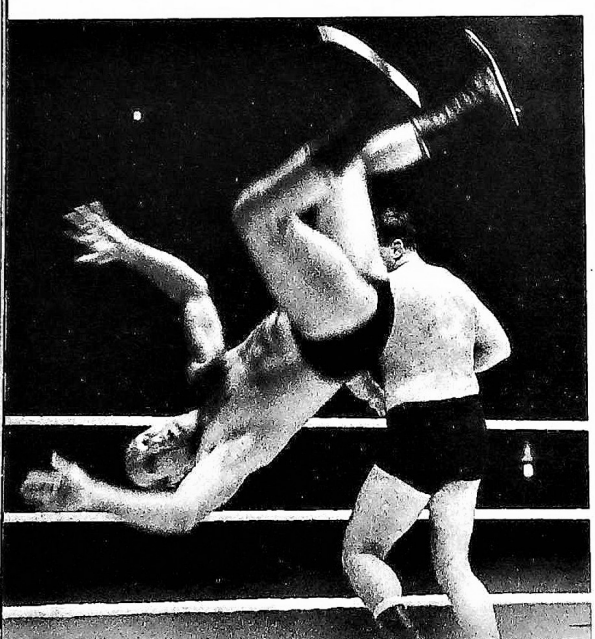
WHIPPER WATSON AND BOBBY MANAGOFF VS. HANS SCHMIDT AND



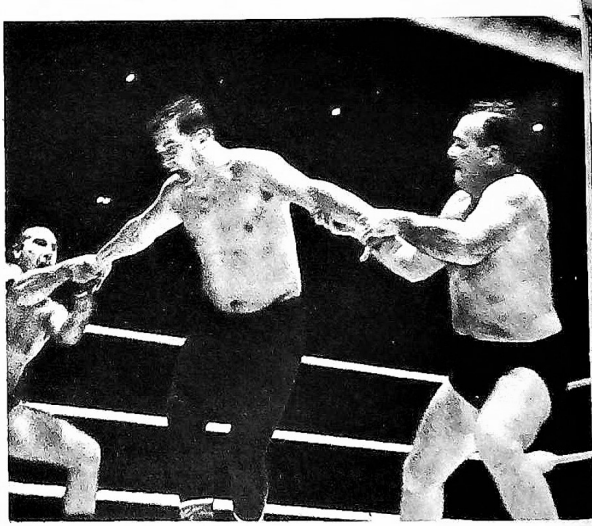
German terror Hans Schmidt, right, stands stone-faced as his partner, Stan Stasiak is introduced to the huge crowd.



Billy Watson, who was teamed with Bobby Managoff against the Schmidt-Stasiak team, whips Schmidt across the ring.



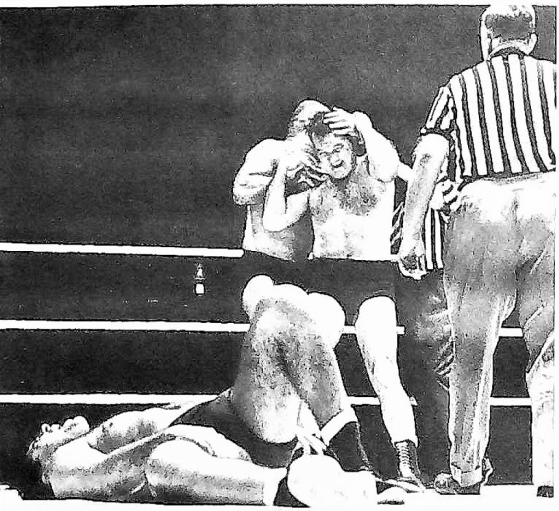
Watson, who was imported to St. Louis all the way from Calgary, Canada, sends Schmidt flying high into the air.



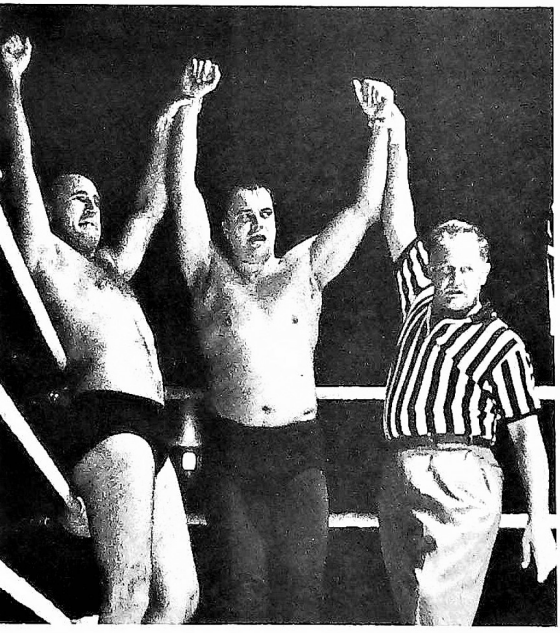
Villain Stan Stasiak is caught in the middle as Schmidt, left, seeks to help him, while Watson struggles to pull him away and batter him. Whipper won this tug-of-war.

HELL RAISING

STAN STASIAK

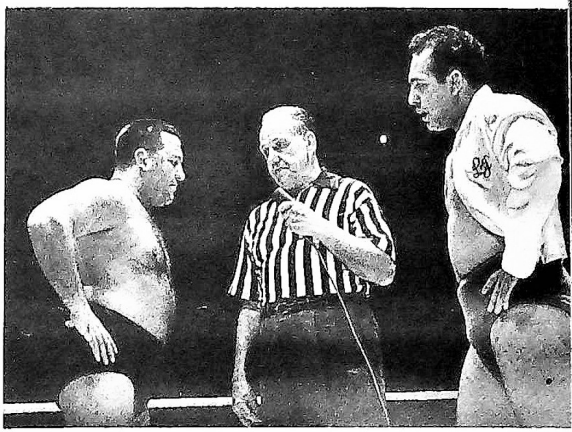


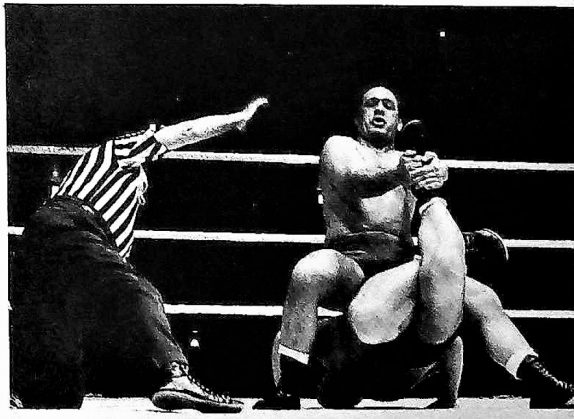
As Managoff lays on the floor, Schmidt goes to work on Watson as the referees rush to Billy's defense. Only under the threat of disqualification did Schmidt release his hold.



Schmidt and Stasiak are declared the winners after the third and deciding fall. Match lasted about 19 minutes.

LORENZO PARENTE VS. PIERRE LA SALLE

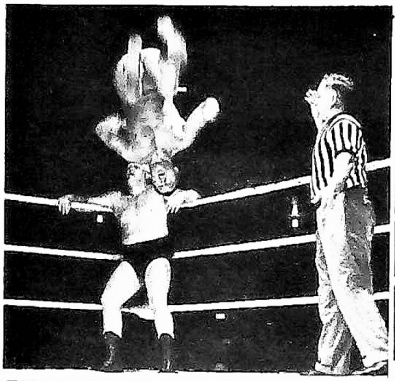


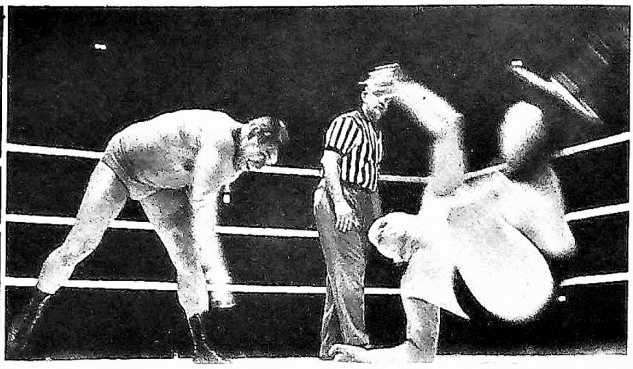


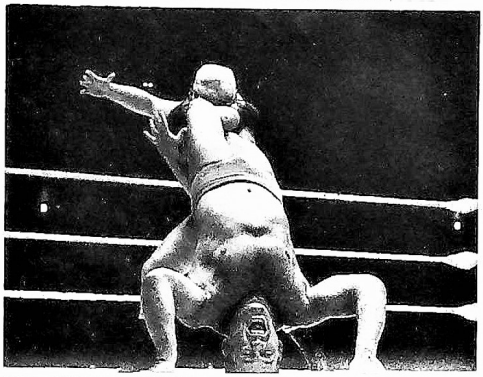
Lorenzo Parente (white jacket, top) is the new darling of Kiel fans. The three pictures above show some of the action in Parente's sizzling match with France's Pierre LaSalle. The 225-pound Parente, who comes from Naples, Italy, won bout in 11:15 with a hold he calls the "Olympic Stretch."

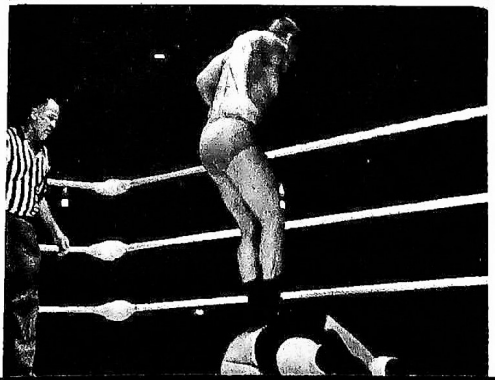
AT THE KIEL *(continued)*

ED CARPENTIER VS. RIP HAWK



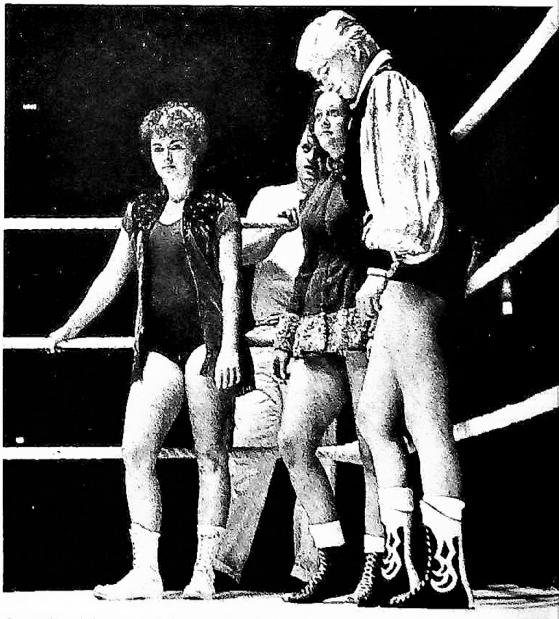






One of the most interesting bouts of the night pitted blond tough guy Rip Hawk against high-flying Frenchman Edouard Carpentier. Although Carpentier was favored to win, Hawk, 230, surprised everybody by gaining a draw. The four photos at the left and the one above depict some of the highlights in the exciting bout. Carpentier is wearing the light colored trunks.

THE GIRLS



In a six girl tag match (left to right) Jessica Rogers, Barbara Baker and Dot Dotson met Millie Stafford, Judy Glover and newcomer Evelyn Stevens, two out of 3 falls.

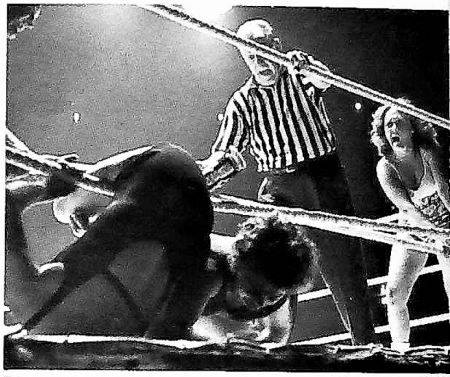
AT THE KIEL *(continued)*

Left:

Barbara Baker argues with referee that she is not pulling Millie Stafford's fingers.

Right:

Baker yanks ropes in a vain attempt to protect Dotson from falling out.

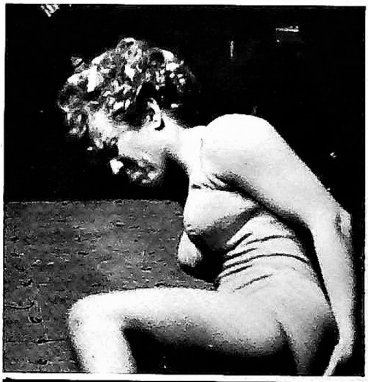


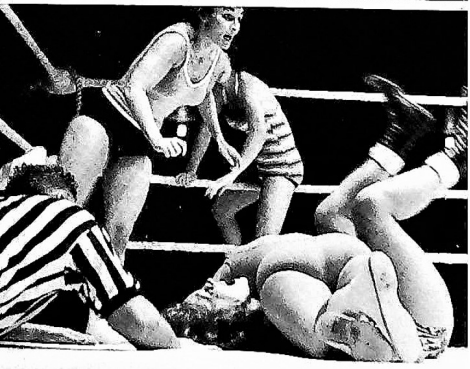
Left:

Dot Dotson (black suit) works on Stafford's leg (foreground) while Glover bends Baker's leg.

Right:

Glover rubs the part of her anatomy on which she landed after being kicked out of the ring.



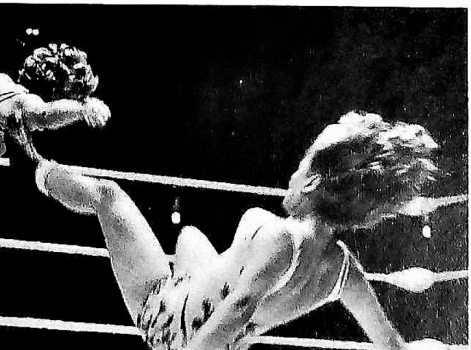


Left:

As Glover pins Baker to win first fall, Stafford leaps into ring to guard against Baker's partner's helping her.

Right:

Dotson punishes Millie Stafford with arm twist.



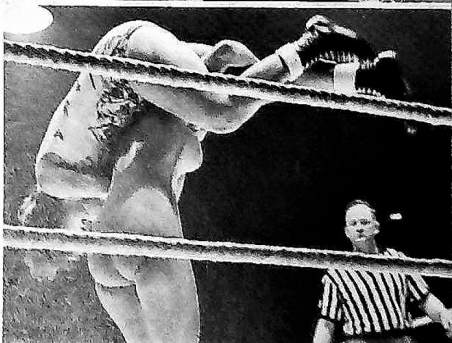
Left:

Glover is hurt by one of Baker's terrific drop-kicks.

Right:

Glover flips Baker as match draws to a close. Winners: Stafford, Glover and Stevens.

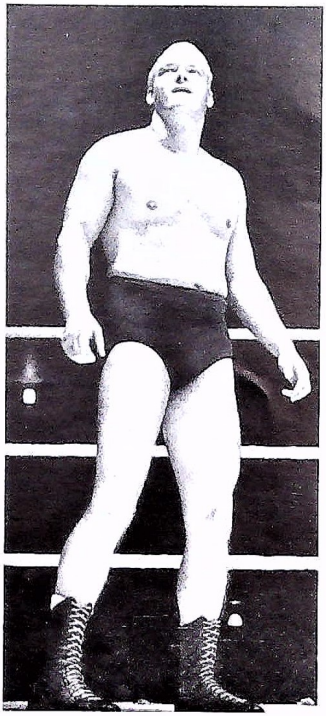
(continued on page 38)



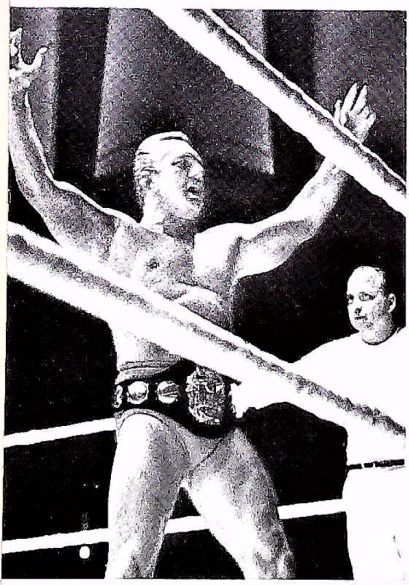
NICK and JERRY KOZAK

WRESTLING REVUE'S PIN UP SERIES / NUMBER 10

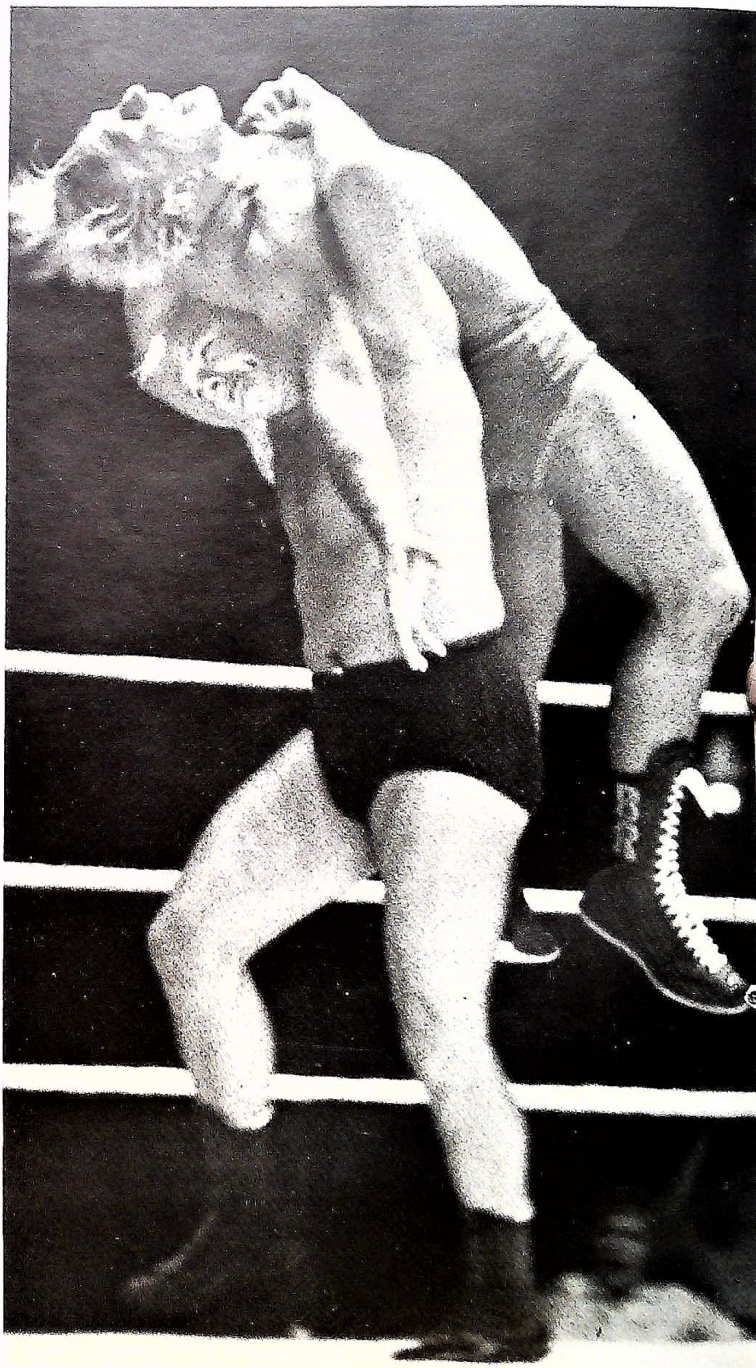
HELL RAISING AT THE KIEL (continued)



Main bout pitted Johnny Valentine (above) against champion Buddy Rogers for title.

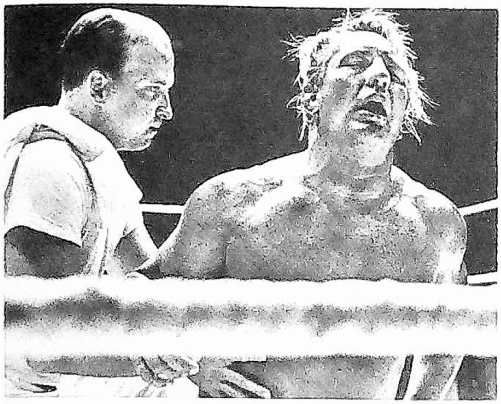


Rogers growls at crowd for giving Valentine a tremendous ovation.

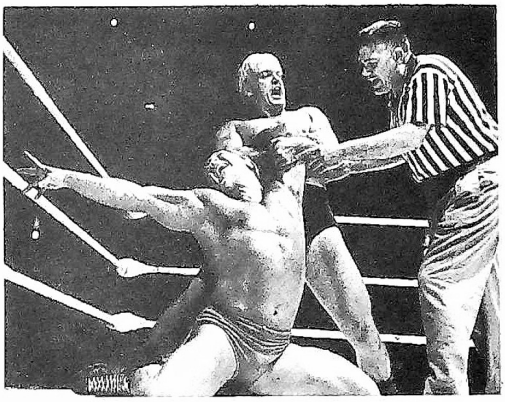


After losing the first fall in 16:30, Valentine roared back to win the second with a back-breaker. Here Rogers screams in agony just before he gave up.

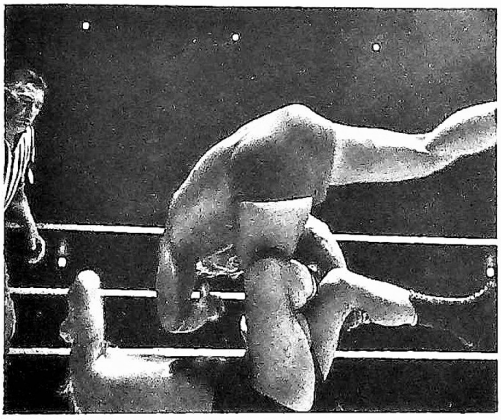
ROGERS VS. JOHNNY VALENTINE



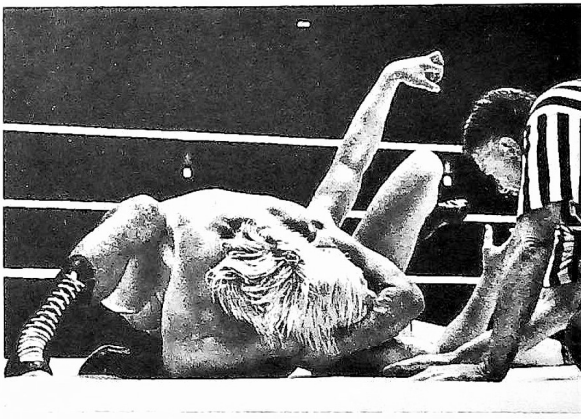
Rogers, who thought his back had been broken, is comforted by a second during rest period between the first two falls.



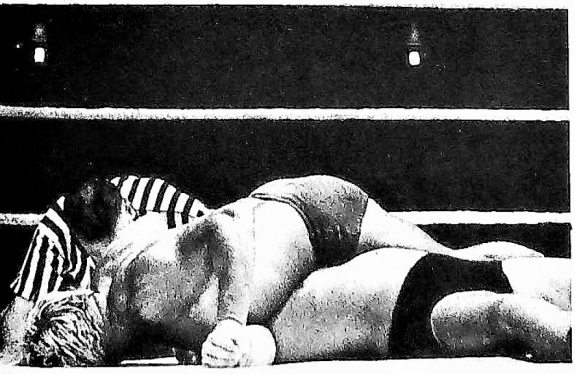
Rogers grabs for rope in futile attempt to break painful armlock as referee warns Buddy to "Stop reaching for ropes!"



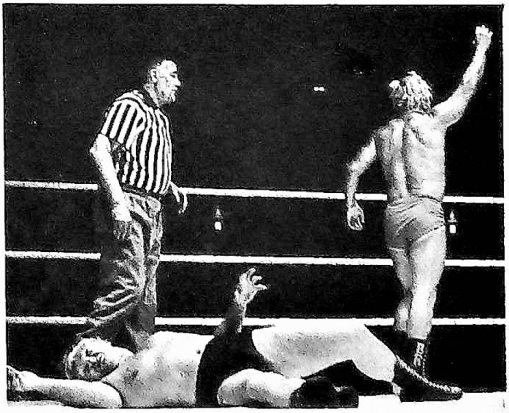
***Valentine** counters Rogers' flying leg scissors with his famous "Elbow Smasher". Buddy quickly released his hold.*



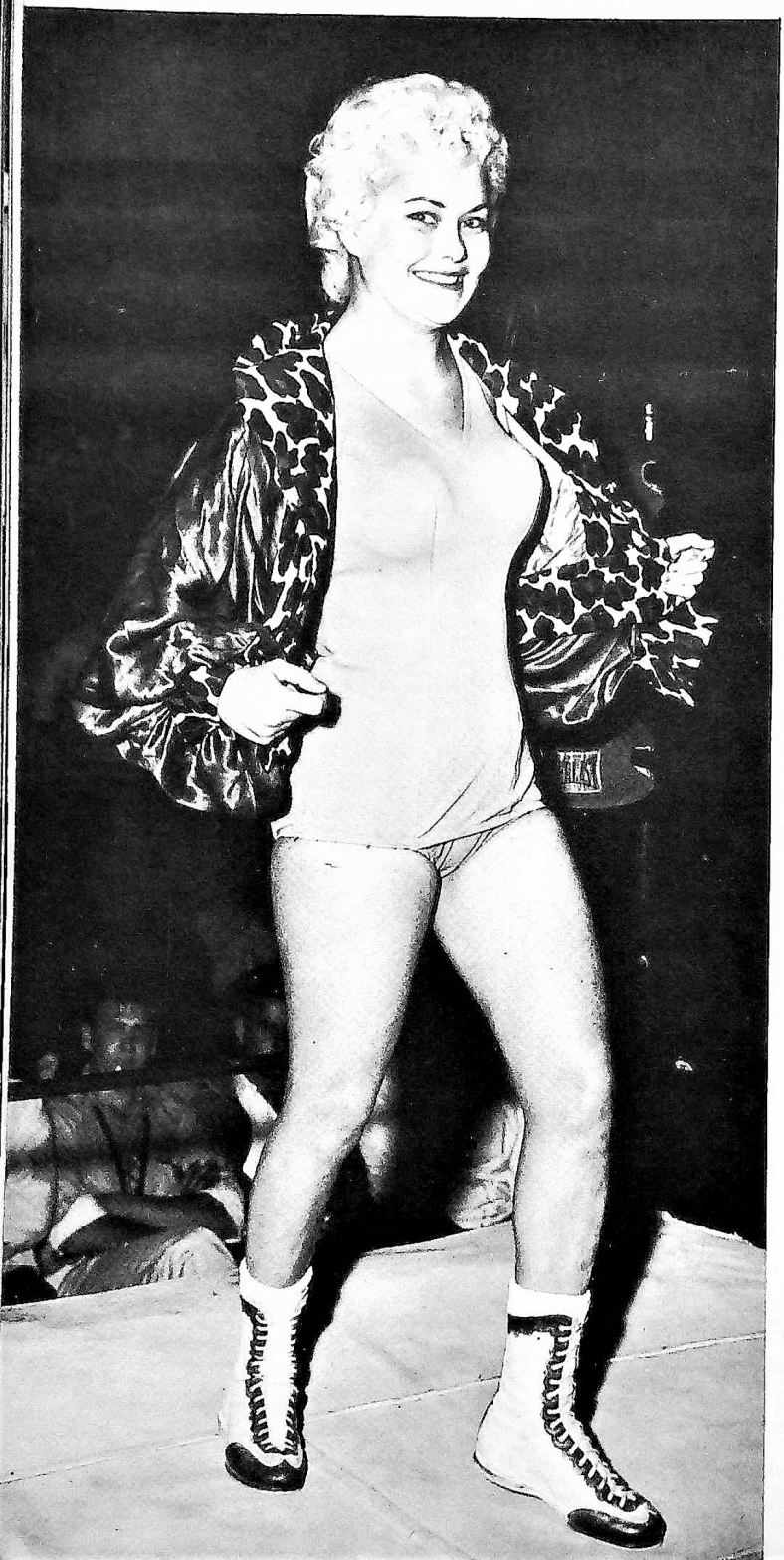
With only about one minute of the third fall gone, Rogers weakened Valentine with this vice-like headlock.



***Final pin** is made by Rogers at 2:01 of third fall. The hold that won the match for Buddy was a reverse body drop.*



Badly stunned, Valentine tries to get up as Rogers parades around the ring. Crowd booed Buddy, cheered Johnny.



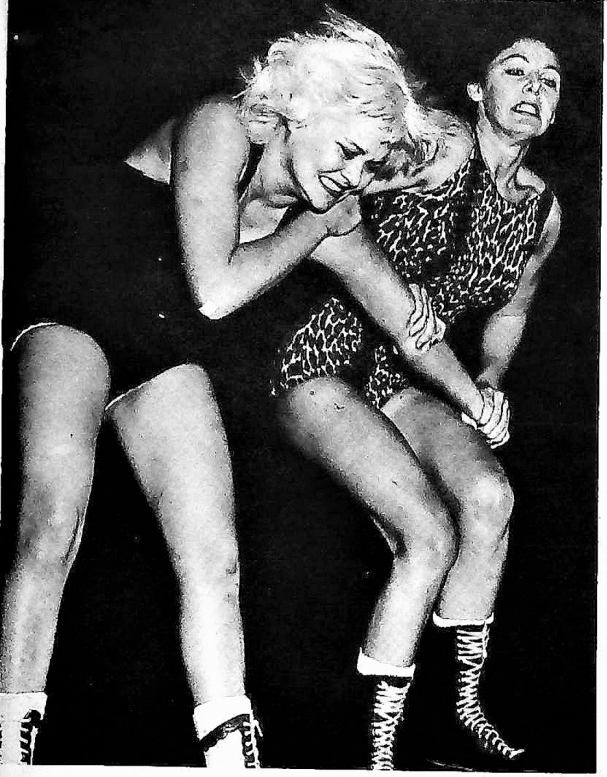
I Don't Want To Be Champion

WINNING THE CHAMPIONSHIP IS THE GOAL OF EVERY WRESTLER—EXCEPT LOVELY BRENDA SCOTT. WHY THIS STARTLING REVERSAL OF TRADITION? BRENDA EXPLAINS IT IN THIS EXCLUSIVE FEATURE

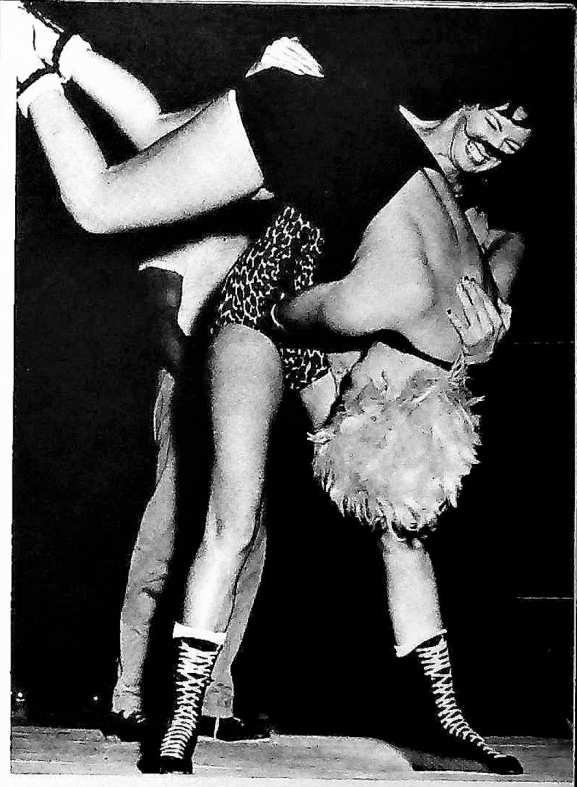
WHEN THE OFFICE BOY handed us the startling communique about Brenda Scott one sleepy workday morning we almost jumped through the ceiling. What! Brenda doesn't want to be champion? Was this just a publicity stunt, or was Blonde Bomber Scott really levelling?

We had to get right to the source. We gulped down the remaining dregs of our morning coffee and tore out to grab the next plane bound for Jacksonville, Florida, Brenda's home town.

Stepping off the plane, our weakcity eyes were blinded by the intense Florida sun, so we headed for the nearest drugstore to get sunglasses. When the soda jerk found out we worked for WRESTLING REVUE, he zeroed in: "Brenda Scott must be kidding! She's going too good to settle for anything less than the champion-



While Ann Casey (right) worked on Brenda's arm, she kept yelling, "Give up or I'll break it off!" But Brenda didn't give up.



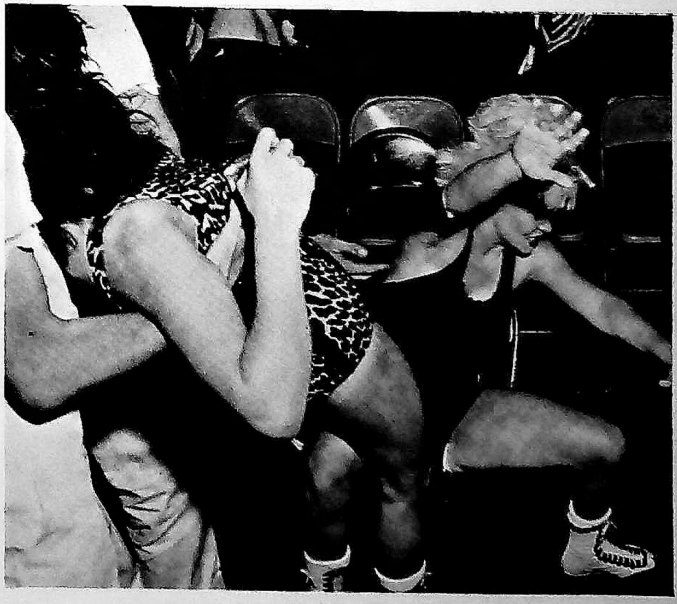
With a strand of her hair giving her a villain-like mustache, Casey slams Scott down on the mat with a rosin-raising crash.

By JIM DOHERTY

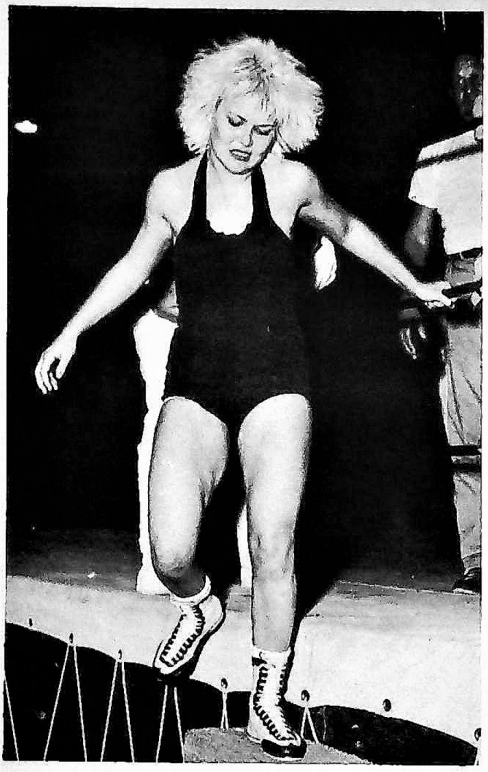
ship. Lookit these clippings!"

"Yeh kid," we said impatiently, waving away the clippings. We knew all about Brenda's sensational wins emblazoned in bullet-type headlines, bylined Houston, Corpus Christi, Ft. Worth, Dallas, San Antonio, Beaumont. This gal's career was on the rise. But why doesn't she want to become champion?

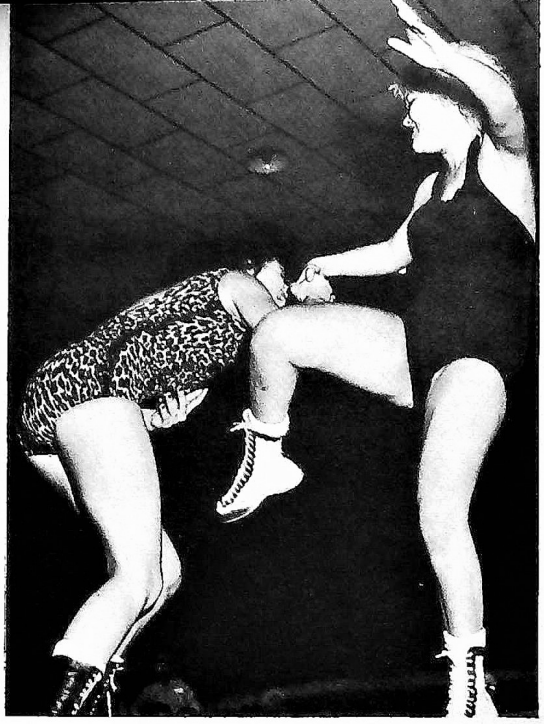
Finally, near the green-blue water, surrounded by fans and gaily-striped cabanas, we found Brenda herself. She was doing yogi exercises. We looked closer. No wonder promoters and wrestling fans agreed she had "it" in the ring. Her blonde tresses were down on a beach blanket, her legs windmilling the air as she rode an imaginary bicycle. Then her unbelievably supple legs spread in all directions, her toes just touching the ground. Suppleness plus



When Casey missed a flying tackle and landed among the spectators, Brenda (right) raced out after her and was promptly sent reeling by a flashing right to the jaw.



Strain of her intense effort shows on Brenda's pretty face as she leaves ring for a short rest between falls of Casey match.



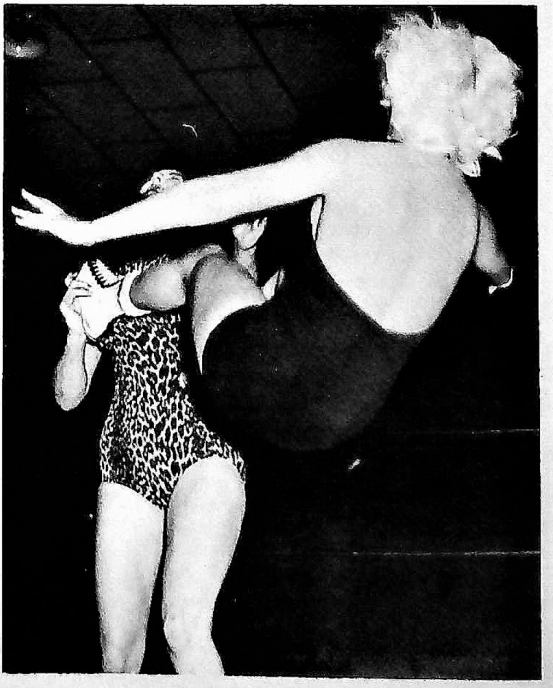
Although she lost the first fall, Scott zoomed back to win the second. Here she explodes on Ann's body with a knee lift.

power – packed into a neat 130-pound package. Anne Casey, the Alabama cyclone, called Brenda "A walking lighted stick of T.N.T." Judy Grable still won't talk about a certain night in Angleton, Texas, when Brenda nearly killed her.

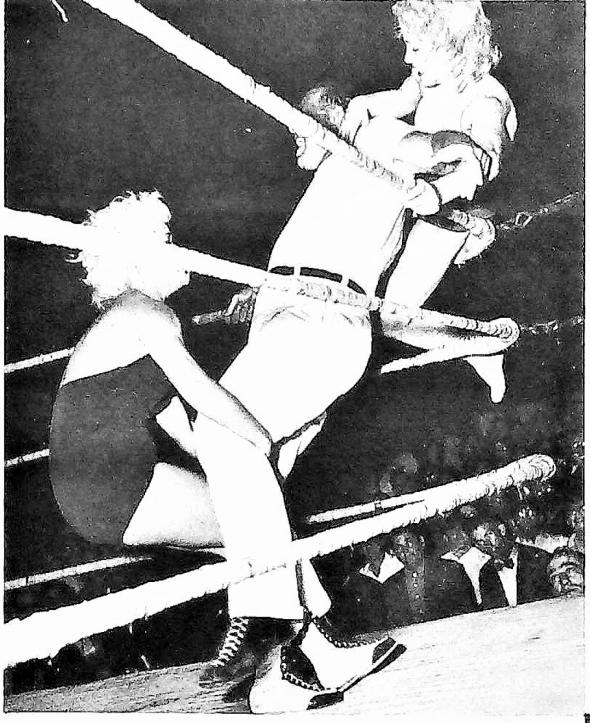
"Brenda," we said, "we've got to talk to you. Will you please call off your fans for just five minutes?"

"Surely," she answered in a gushing Southern drawl that conjured up visions of mint juleps and moss-covered plantations. She reached for a towel and wiped off the sweat caused by the workout. We ripped our eyes away from her breathtaking figure sheathed in a near-bikini and tried to get to the matter at hand.

"Brenda, now what's this about your **not** wanting the championship? Every other wrestler, male and female, is screaming for a shot at the title."



Perfect drop kick hurts Casey badly, sends her crashing to the mat ready for the kill (see photograph at right).

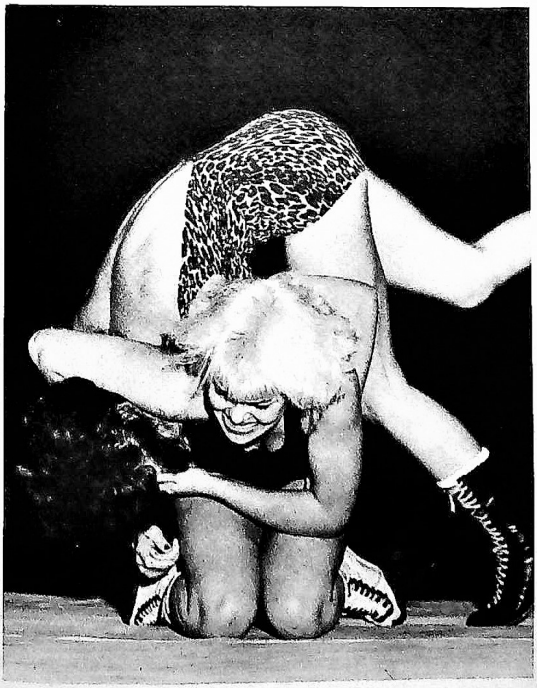


Referee Marvin Jones is caught in the enviable middle as Brenda (left) tries desperately to get at the veteran Judy Grable.

"I know what you're thinkin'," she said, fluttering her long eyelashes demurely, "but I swear . . . I am fed up with the idea of becoming champion. What do I want with a silly old belt anyway? Think of the strain and worry June Byers goes through every time she steps into a ring. I can't subject myself to that kind of pressure. Let those prestige-minded gals up North get the ulcers worrying about who's on first or what's on second. I'm simply out to **win** . . . and please my fans at the same time. I study each girl's style, then I decide what to do. I don't care if she's ranked number one or one hundred. Once I'm in the ring I'm out to get **her**, whether it's with my drop kick or my back breaker. Her rating don't worry me – only her offense!"

"But Brenda," we said, hardly believing our ears, "think of all the money you'd make with the

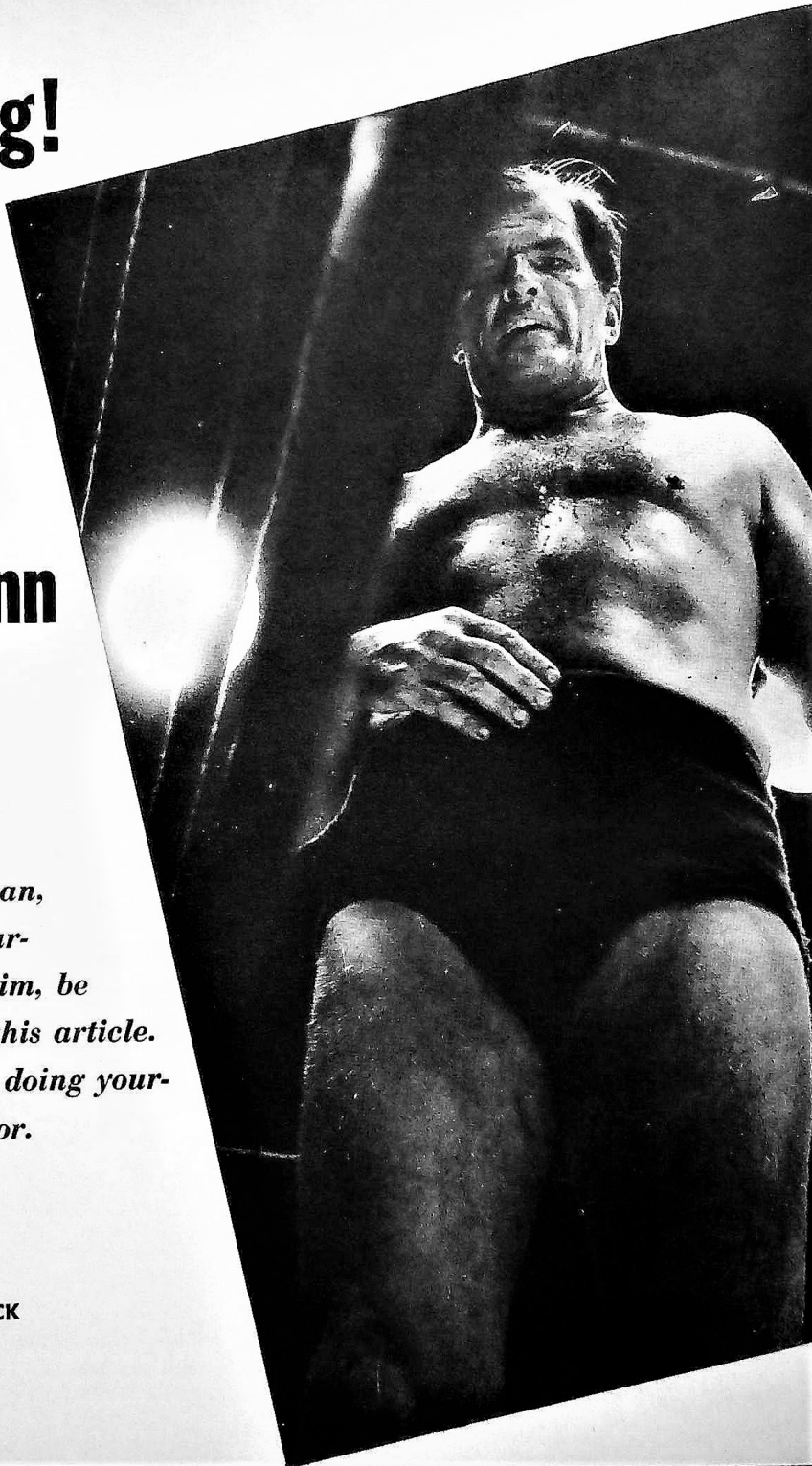
(*continued on page* 66)



A flying headlock brings Ann to the canvas. This was followed by another series of drop kicks and then the final pin.

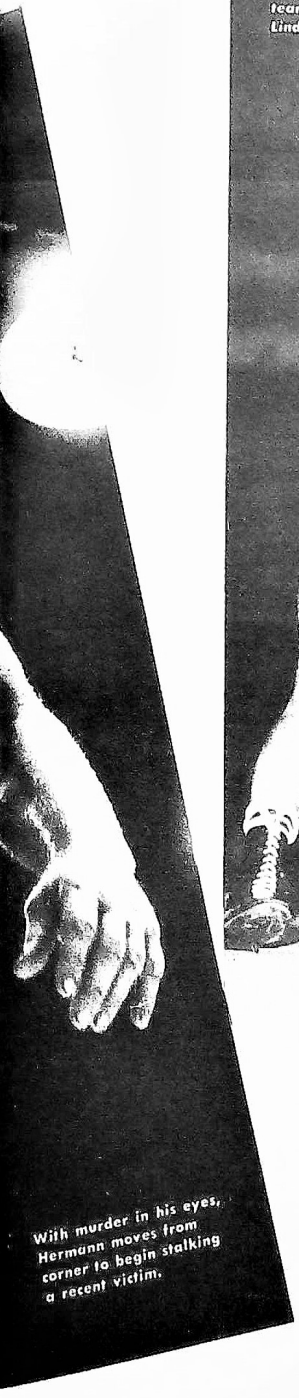
After holding Grable to a draw, Scott leaves Houston arena and heads for airport and the flight to Miami.

Warning! Don't Cuss Hans Hermann



Before you growl at the massive German, or hurl a cigarette butt at him, be sure to read this article. You could be doing yourself a big favor.

BY HUBERT PATRICK

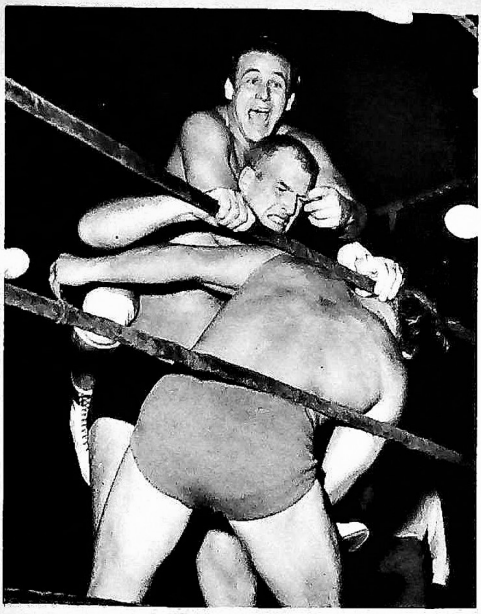


With murder in his eyes, Hermann moves from corner to begin stalking a recent victim.

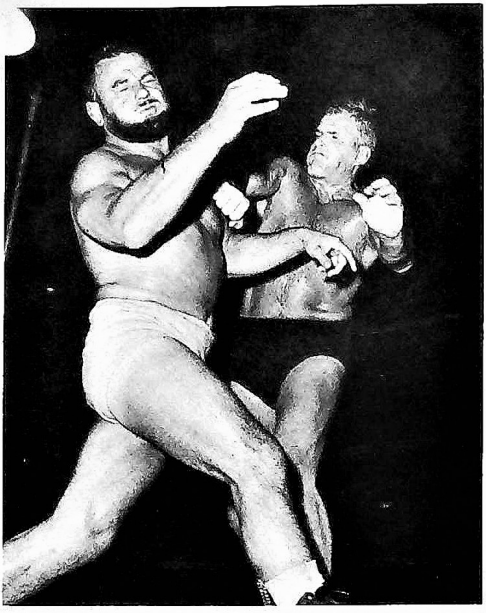
When Ned Taylor (second from left) tried to join his partner, Hermann, the opposing team of Billy Goelz (left) and Doug Lindsay grabbed them from behind.

ONE CRISP FALL DAY not long ago, three men showed up in Montreal, Canada, for three different reasons. By nightfall of that same day, virtually all of Montreal's adult population had been affected in some way by their presence. The newspapers heralded their coming with both reverence and hatred, and immediately the reaction set in. By late afternoon, Montreal was split into two opposing sides; one saying that the three visitors should, for the good of science, be enshrined atop the city's famed Mount Royal; the other demanded that, for the good of humanity, they should be hanged from a tree on the same mountain.

The first visitor was a gay sportsman and **bon vivant**, a man-of-the-world. He sped into town in a rebuilt 1932 Rolls Royce worth $20,000. He drove up to one of the local sports car clubs



Hans is so enormous that it generally takes two average size wrestlers to contain him. In photo above, Johnny Gilbert rides his back while Billy Goelz bangs away at his body.



Hermann's massive right fist lashes out and connects with terrific force on Boris Volkoff's jaw. Hans is a firm believer that a good offense is the best defense.

where he was received with smiles and cheers by the members. The president of the club, at a luncheon in his honor said, "Only a mechanical genius like our honored guest could have restored that Rolls to its superb condition. We are proud to have him with us."

Later that afternoon, the second visitor enthralled the Physics class at McGill University with a lecture on how he had invented a time switch that today appears on most electrical ranges. He was introduced as, "A mechanical wizard well versed in the most intricate problems of physics and engineering, one of our leading experts on horology – the science of time. We regret that we cannot have him on our permanent staff."

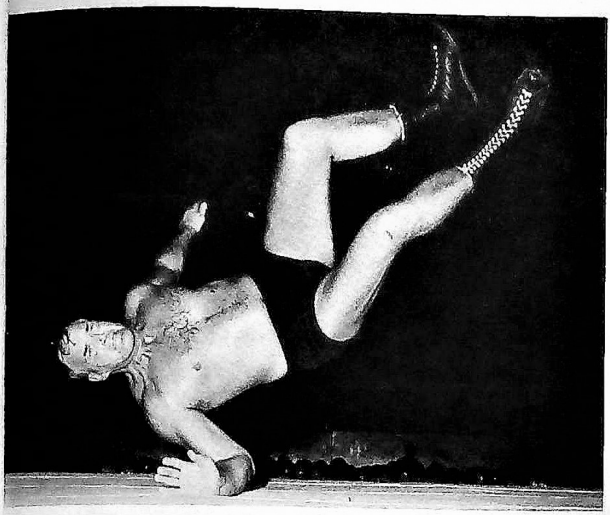
Then night came, and with it visitor number three. He made his appearance at Montreal's Forum Arena before a packed house of hysterical fans, all of whom apparently would have gladly paid a like fee to witness his funeral. This one was introduced as, "Hans Hermann, the Teutonic Terror from Hanover, Germany, who has built an unmatched reputation for sadism. The audience is advised that a doctor and stretcher bearers are on hand to make sure that Hermann's opponent receives prompt medical attention in the event of serious injury."

The doctor was needed, because twenty minutes later, following a display of savage cruelty, Hans Hermann slammed his opponent to the mat with fiendish delight, and then stomped his face again and again. The 6 foot five, 280-pound giant then hurled his ponderous bulk onto his helpless victim and unnecessarily pinned him. It was all the doctor could do, with the help of several police, to get to the injured man. He was borne away on the waiting stretcher to the hospital. He did not wrestle again for months. It was a typical Hans Hermann finish.

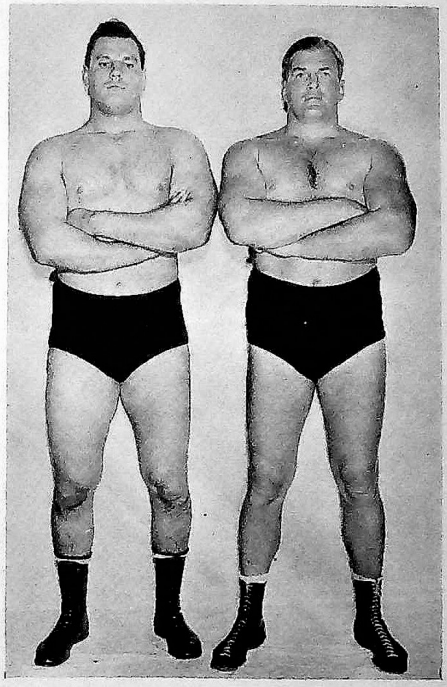
The two illustrious visitors who had captivated the sports car crowd and the scientists at McGill were present at the match. **In fact, they, together with the brutish wrestler, Hans Hermann, were one and the same man!**

Yes, the most baffling problem plaguing Hermann's fellow scientists – and wrestling fans – is Hermann's incredible Jekyll and Hyde personality that enables him to be three entirely different persons at will. One important psychoanalyst says flatly, "It is too much strain on the human mind – one of these days Hans will wind up in a hospital, hopelessly insane." But another leading doctor reports, "Hermann's brain is as tough as his body. He'll never crack-up simply because when he is one personality, the other two are completely blotted out. It is only when two or more personalities within an individual struggle with one another that the mind fails. No, Hans will always be all right."

Maybe his mind won't fail, but no wrestling fan will agree that Hermann is "all right." Most insist that he should donate his body and brain to science, not



But big and strong as he is, Hermann takes his share of bumps. This remarkable picture shows him breaking the impact of a fall with his arm. He then roared back to defeat his opponent.



Back in 1951, Hermann (right) teamed up with Killer Kowalski to form one of the most savage teams of all times. They remained together for about six months and were just about unbeatable.

after he's dead, but right now! Says Milton Dodge, of Cincinnati, "When I go to a wrestling match, I go to enjoy the wrestling – I don't want to see some sadistic butcher cutting up his opponent like a lamb in a slaughter house!" And Mary Wells, of Chicago, insists, "Hermann is big and handsome and all that most women would want in a man – outside the ring! But if I were to meet him and, let's say, fall in love with him, only to see him wrestle some night, I'd take the next plane for Madagascar and I wouldn't leave a forwarding address!"

Those, then, are some of the opinions freely expressed about one of wrestling's most dynamic and controversial personalities. Which are true and which are the result of overwrought emotions?

They're all true. For Hans Hermann, depending on which of his personalities you happen to be watching, is both good and evil. He was always "different" – above average in everything he did – from the time he was a boy in Germany. As a youth, his mental powers attracted the interest of scientists. They tested him and found him to have the I.Q. of a genius. This was borne out when – after emigrating to the U.S. in his teens – he graduated from Tufts College with a Bachelor of Science degree and one of the highest scholastic ratings ever achieved at that fine school.

At an early age he began turning out inventions in the field of horology, which is the measuring of time, and succeeded in getting a patent on an important timing device in 1941. He even spent some time working in the General Electric Laboratories in Schenectady, New York.

Why didn't he stick to this very rewarding field of endeavor, which is a full-time job for anyone, and at which he did so well? Let Hans Hermann himself tell you.

"Working for a corporation today means losing your identity. It's all but impossible to go out on your own – you either punch an industrial time clock or you starve. So you slave like a serf for eight hours or more a day for $10,000 a year. And you earn millions for the company! To hell with that! After I'd spent a half dozen years at it, I knew I wanted to be my own boss. I wouldn't have cared if I had to dig ditches. I'd have done it to have my independence."

But, of all the wonderful fields he could have entered with his magnificent intellect, why did he choose wrestling, a sport traditionally lacking in geniuses?

Hermann laughs at this. "Frankly, I was fed up with my mind! Using it to make a living, I mean. Nobody appreciated it. Or, rather, I wasn't getting paid as much as I thought my talents were worth. Besides, I needed an outlet for the extra energy a body like mine stores up. Mental as well as physical energy. Since I'm so big, and have always been very strong, I figured wrestling might be what I was looking for. I talked to Gorgeous George one night in

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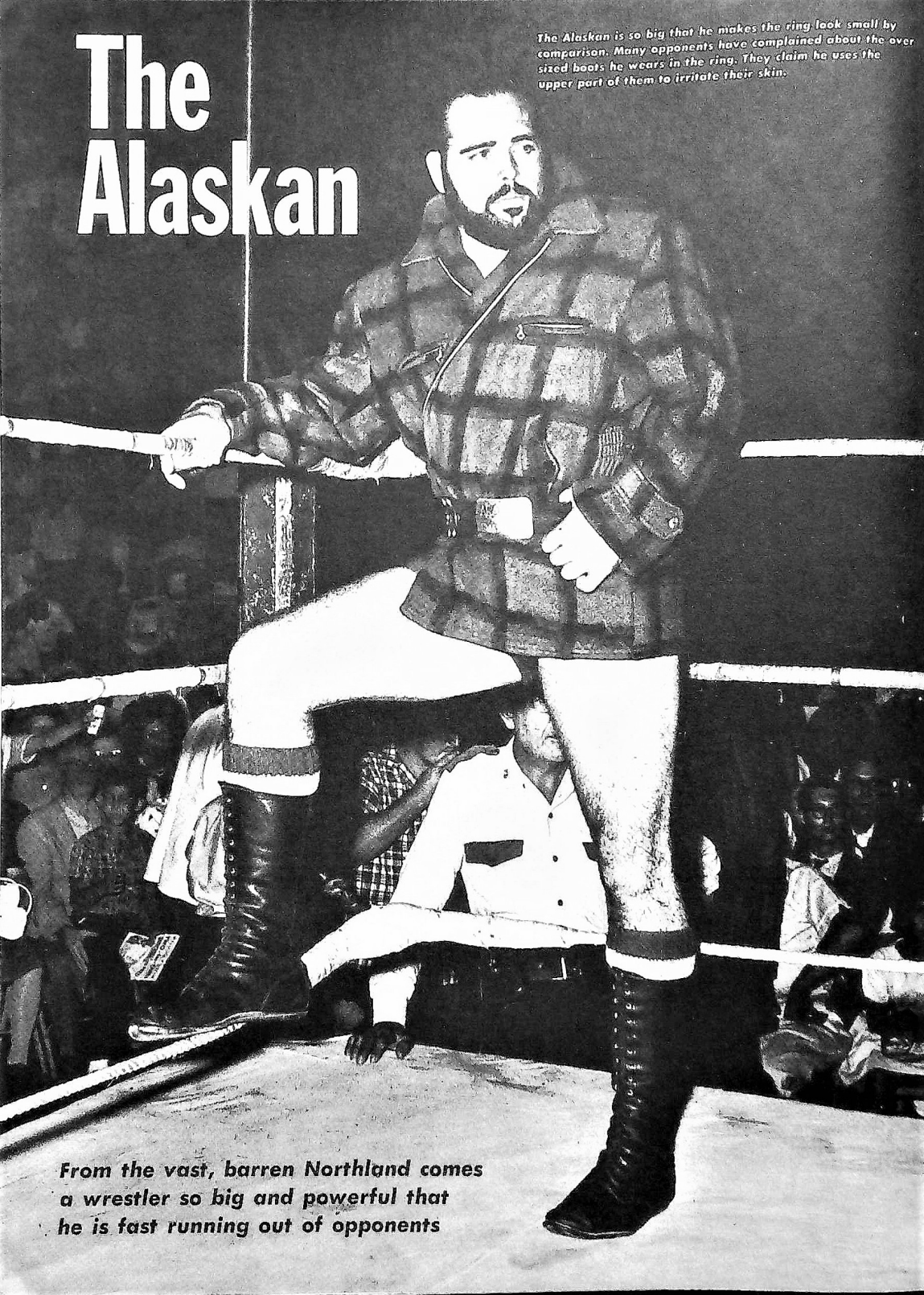
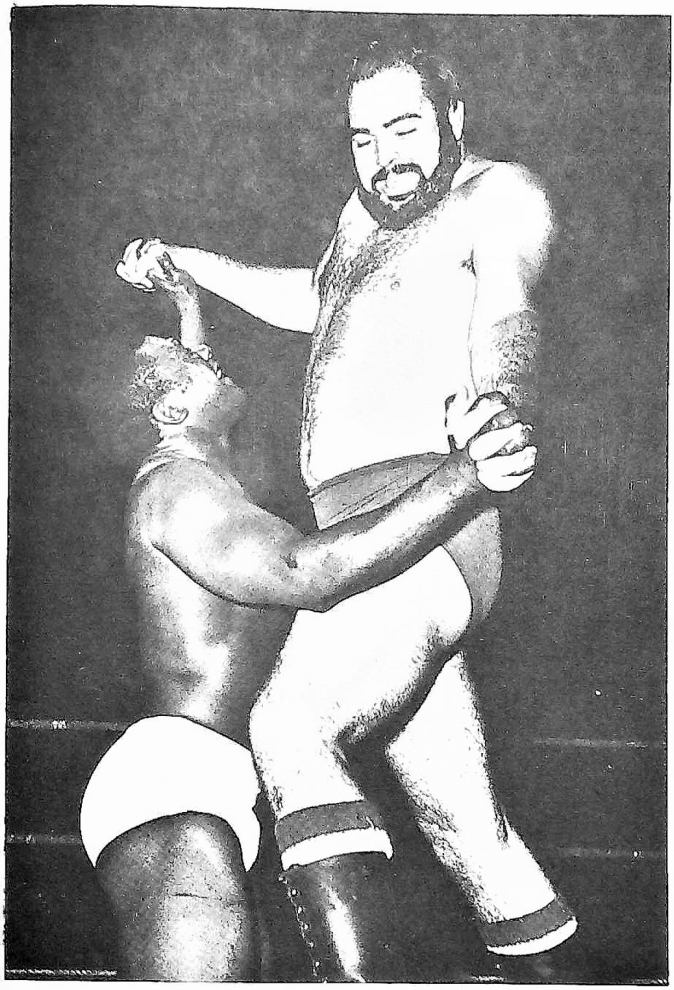
The Alaskan



The Alaskan is so big that he makes the ring look small by comparison. Many opponents have complained about the over sized boots he wears in the ring. They claim he uses the upper part of them to irritate their skin.

From the vast, barren Northland comes a wrestler so big and powerful that he is fast running out of opponents



Dory Dixon foolishly engaged in a test of strength with The Alaskan and was quickly brought to his knees. Said Dixon after the match, "It felt like my fingers were being pulled out."

"COME ON DOWN, SON, there's trouble here." The quavering fearful voice of old man York echoed up the towering Alaskan fir pine. The speck at the top – a high rigger – skittered around the giant trunk like a monkey.

Sensing urgency in the voice below, the high rigger began the long descent. As his hob-nailed boots bit into the enormous tree again and again, he seemed to be getting larger. At last a 200-pound, 6-footer stood before his father – a 13-year old boy!

The old man proudly touched his son's tremendous biceps. "Son, there's a feller here says he can whip you blind. I warned you before, you oughtn'ta started wrestlin'. Every lumberjack from Kennebec to the Yukon is out to get ya."

"But it's in my blood, Pa," said the boy-giant. Pa York's son angrily hurled his axe twenty yards into a tree trunk. It struck dead center and quivered. Then he stripped off his lumberjacket. The sun's slanting rays bounced off his tremendous chest, trim waist, bulging, rock-like arms. But no vanity was in his posture

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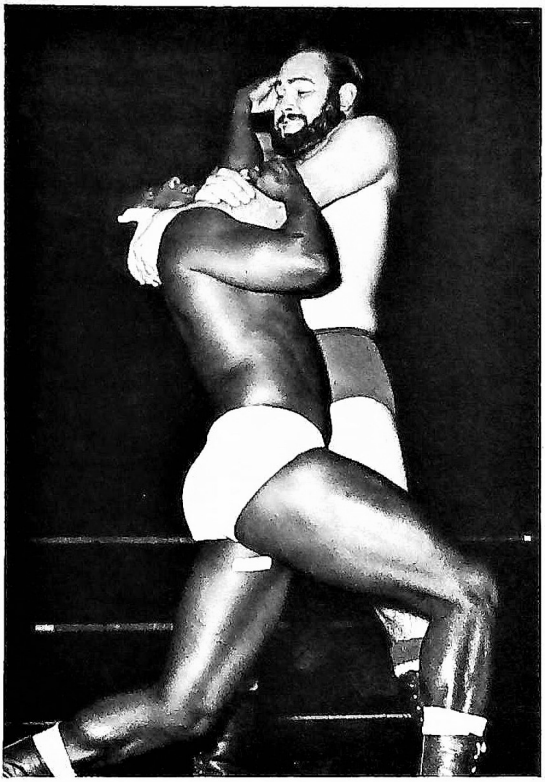
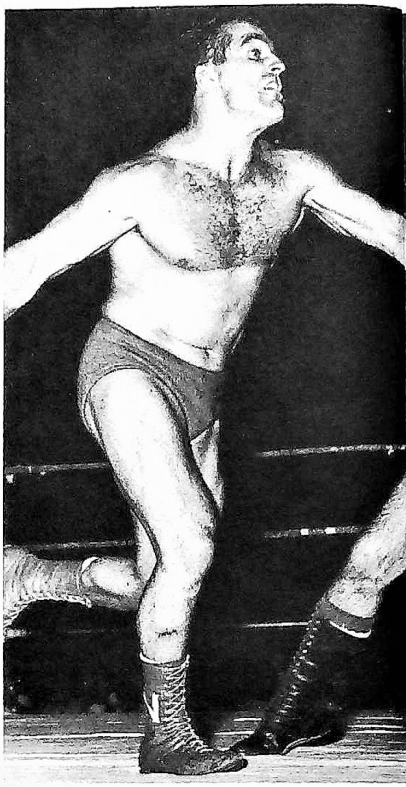
The crowd gasped in amazement when Nick Kozak was lifted with a minimum of effort.

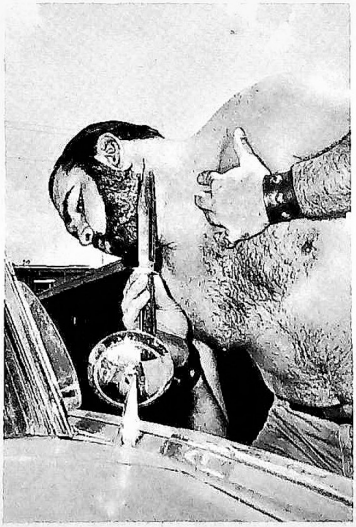


Cross-bar headlock brings Dixon down to his knees, and angry cries of "Strangle!" from the crowd. But that didn't stop The Alaskan.



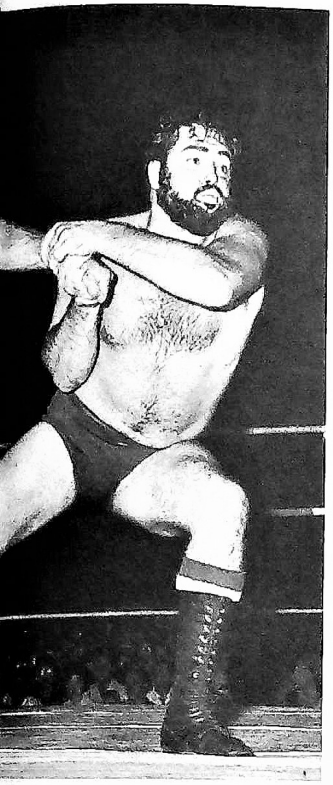
His arm locked in The Alaskan's vise-like grip, Nick Kozak starts a dangerous flight into the

The Alaskan works out with this heavy bull whip. "It's great for my arms and hands."

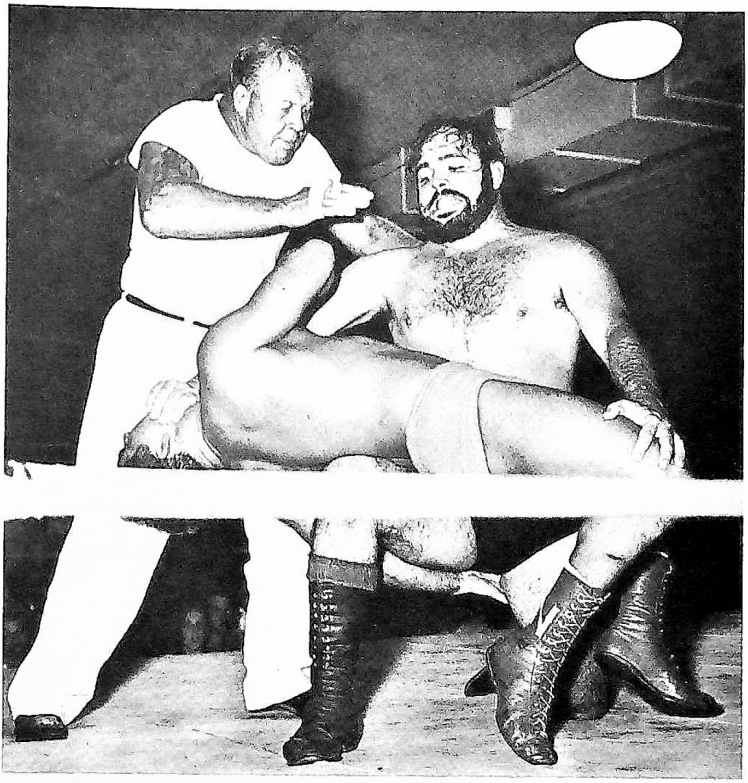


Because his beard is so tough, ordinary razors don't work. So he uses a knife.

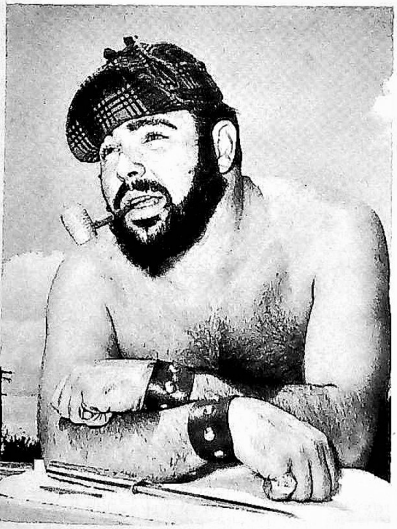
The Alaskan consumes an enormous amount of food. This is just a pre-lunch snack.



corner post. He crashed into it with a sickening thud and was badly dazed.



The weapon that finished Kozak for the night was this crushing back-breaker. Nick admitted that he didn't feel right for about a week after the match.



Portrait of a rugged, outdoor man relaxing under the hot sun in Angleton, Texas.

as he went forth to seek out his challenger.

Today, fourteen years later, Alaskan loggers still remember that savage fight – how a 13-yr. old boy whipped Big Jim Maribu, the most feared bully in the Wild North.

During these intervening years word of Pa York's amazing son spread. They began comparing him to the fabled Paul Bunyan, so astonishing were his feats of strength. In 1960, by then a full-grown 6'7", 283 pounds, he went to a local county fair and wrestled a 350-pound bear to a standstill! "I didn't whip that bear," he recalled, "but neither did that bear whip me!"

As a full-fledged pro, York, Jr. changed his fighting name to "The Alaskan."

At the end of 1960 he broke into wrestling's big time by winning the Alaskan championship. Now the big Northerner started to move, bowling over contenders throughout western Canada with his mighty paw. One promoter got on the phone to complain: "This wildman is a killer! He's ruining all the other wrestlers!"

From Texas, young Dory Dixon hurled the first challenge at the giant from the Far North: "The bigger they are, the harder they fall," growled Dixon, "This Alaskan guy is just my meat!"

The overjoyed Alaskan got the news. "Dixon is a Texas midget," he snickered, "they haven't had a real he-man there since Sam Houston!"

When The Alaskan stepped into the Houston ring wearing his deadly hob-nailed boots, the crowd screamed in anger. "Whether it's legal or not I'm wearing 'em,"

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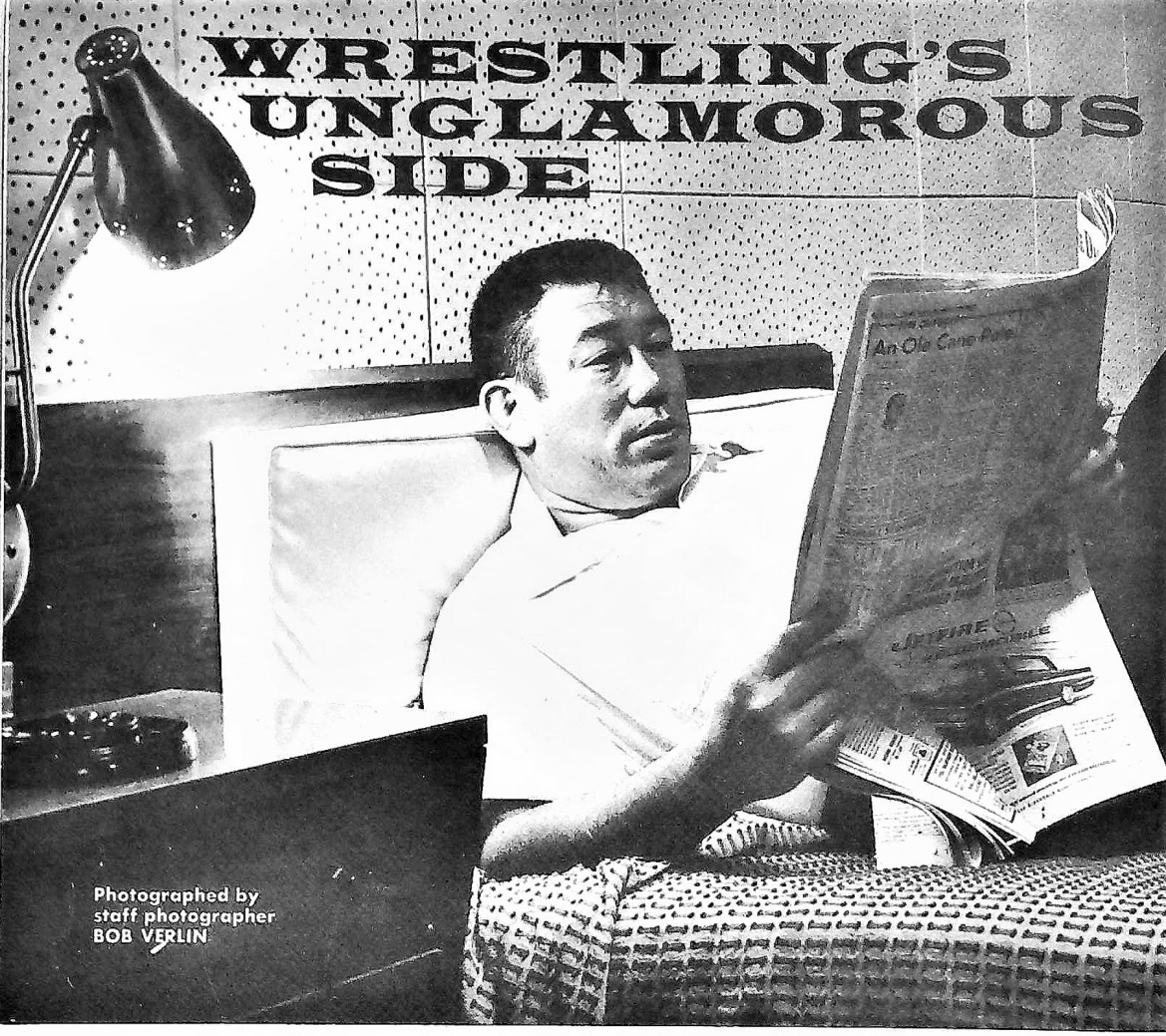
WRESTLING'S UNGLAMOROUS SIDE



Photographed by staff photographer BOB VERLIN

In an average week, a professional wrestler spends only about one hour and 50 minutes in the ring. But for every minute of actual ring time, there is a minimum of half an hour of so-called "auxiliary" time required, every second of which is dreaded by all wrestlers.

MONDAY

The brilliant morning sun had gradually given way to an overcast sky. Then, a darkening. Then streaks of light rain. The tires of the speeding cars left V-marked tracks behind on the wet concrete. Like the sun, they faded, and left the highway wet and bleak.

Behind the wheel, the mountainous young man began to show the strains of the long day's drive. His shoulders hunched slightly, his head bent forward as though to urge the car on to greater speed. Little crinkles of weariness appeared around the corners of his eyes.

7:15 P.M. . . . Fort Worth, Texas, just ahead. He expelled a deep breath from between tight lips . . . a gesture of relief, as he pulled into the motel driveway. The tires crunched on the gravel. He stopped the car, killed the engine, and sat still a moment, leaning on the steering wheel. Then he

"I don't need gas but I have to take a break. You can fry eggs on that highway. There's still 300 miles to go."

reached behind him for his suitcase, slid out of the car and walked slowly to the motel office.

This could easily be some road-draggled traveling salesman, earning a buck the hard way . . . but it's not. It's Duke Keomuka, one of the world's top wrestlers, a **karate, judo and sumo** champ, favorite of thousands and close, personal friend to diplomats and industrialists.

All this has earned Duke little rest and relaxation. He keeps up a killing five-nights-a-week wrestling schedule, traveling the Texas wrestling circuit and beyond, keeping up personal contacts with friends, demonstrating his techniques and skills for the benefit of the military . . . and occasionally visiting with his wife and children.

How does he do it? If Duke Keomuka were not endowed with the steel-hard physique and cast-iron nerves that serve him so well in the ring, he probably couldn't.

After signing into the motel, Keomuka heads for his cabin, drops his suitcase, sheds his coat and sinks onto the bed with a grunt of sheer animal pleasure. He has to be at the Fort Worth arena by 8:15, so he has about half an hour to get the road-shakes out of his system.

Half an hour. It's an eternity!

At 9:00 P.M. Duke strides down the center aisle, clad in a white judo jacket, black belt and black trunks. He looks rested and confident. He acknowledges the cheers, sneers at the boos, and turns to face his opponent, "The Mummy".

Fifteen minutes and 4 seconds later, "The Mummy" has succumbed to Keomuka's dreaded Iron Claw. Keomuka leaves the ring, showers, dresses and goes out for dinner (steak, eggs, potatoes). At midnight he is back at the motel. Tomorrow's drive is an easy one, only 300 miles, so he can allow himself the luxury of putting on pajamas. It feels great. He stretches out . . . dozes off.

TUESDAY

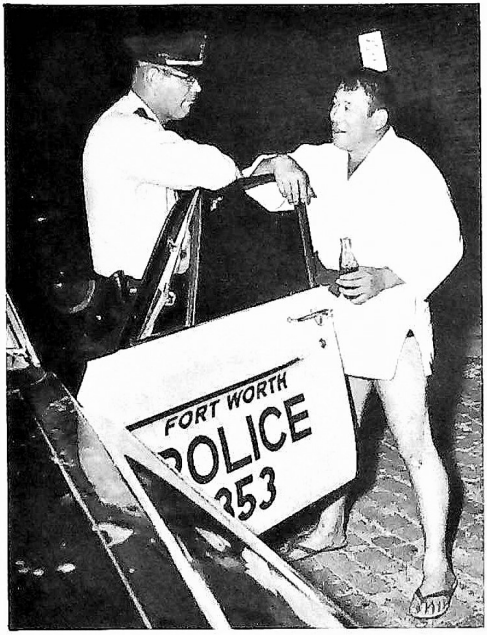
4 A.M. The little traveling alarm clock on the night table tinkles, the big man rolls over, grunting in protest. He sits up, turns off the alarm, swings his legs to the floor and stands up.

"I'm so exhausted all I can think of is a hot bath and hitting the sack. The hotel register looks like a blur."

Duke forgets day's killing road grind as he gets an armlock on The Mummy, whose closed eyes indicate ebbing strength.

"Where am I now?", he wonders sleepily. The confusion of his day-to-day travels has momentarily blotted out the memory of last night's bout. "Ft. Worth . . . yes. Tonight it's Houston. 300 miles. Better get going!"

At 5 A.M., he backs the car out of the stall, points it down the driveway, swings onto the nearly deserted highway and is on his way. He'll reach Houston about noon. At 2 P.M. he has an appointment to demonstrate karate to an advanced judo class at Carswell Air Force Base. It's really a pleasure. Those airmen are interested . . . some of them real talented, too. But it's very time-consuming. Maybe if they knew how little time he really has. Ah, what the hell. He'd rather give



"The Mummy's one of the toughest men I've ever fought. He scares the hell out of me. His eyes burn right through you."

up a lot of other things before he quit helping those Air Force guys.

At 4 P.M. he meets his friend Harry Todd, and they do a round of golf together. Harry is a pro . . . gives Duke lots of pointers. Maybe they'll get in a full 18 holes . . . maybe not. Then, he and Harry go to dinner together, Harry eating, Duke Keomuka watching, listening, swapping stories and anecdotes. The Duke never eats **before** a match, just a cup of coffee.

The day is capped off with the bout at McLemore's Sportatorium. The Duke wins again, polishing off his opponent in a scrappy 10 minutes. Then, bed . . . rest . . . sleep.

WEDNESDAY

This morning, Duke Keomuka can loll around in bed like a luxury-loving lout . . . until almost eight o'clock. The trip to San Antonio is fairly easy, as Duke's trips go. He can breakfast at the hotel, then hit the road somewhere around 10 A.M.

The day is pleasant, and the road spins gaily out from under his green Cadillac. He settles down in his seat, pushes his sunglasses down more firmly on his broad nose and starts to count off the miles.

"It's not really a bad life. Not many men enjoy

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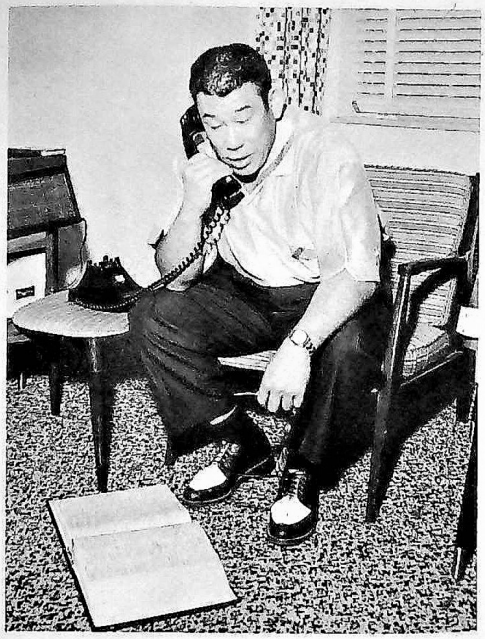
"Thanks, Mr. Campisi, you toss a salad like nobody else I know. This'll restore my energy after that bruising match."



"You've got to have my car greased by noon. I'm teaching judo at the Air Force Base. I can't let'em down."

"Mr. Todd, I know I was off balance when I hit the ball. But let me try it once again with this number five iron."

"Speed of reflex is the key to judo. This man won because he gained a split second advantage."

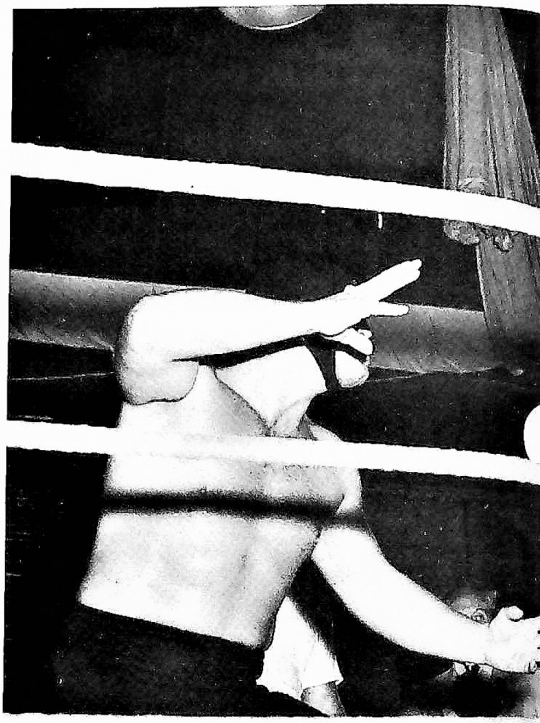
the luxury of a Cadillac, a nice home, good friends, all for the small investment of a pair of wrestling trunks. If it weren't for all this damned traveling! If a man could just stop for a while, draw a deep breath. Play with his kids a little in the evenings. Get a good night's sleep in his own bed."

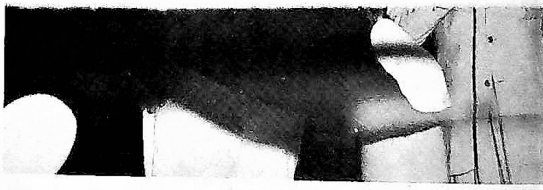
He stops two or three times during the trip, gasses up the Caddy . . . which really doesn't need gassing . . . drinks a coke and exchanges a few quips with the filling-station attendant who recognizes him instantly. The attendant calls his little boy who peers round-eyed at Keomuka from the protection of his father's legs. Keomuka grins at the little boy, hops back into his car and is on his way. That night in San Antonio, he meets Cyclops.

Wonder of wonders . . . Cyclops is disqualified in two minutes, giving Duke the win. It's starting out to be a good week all around!

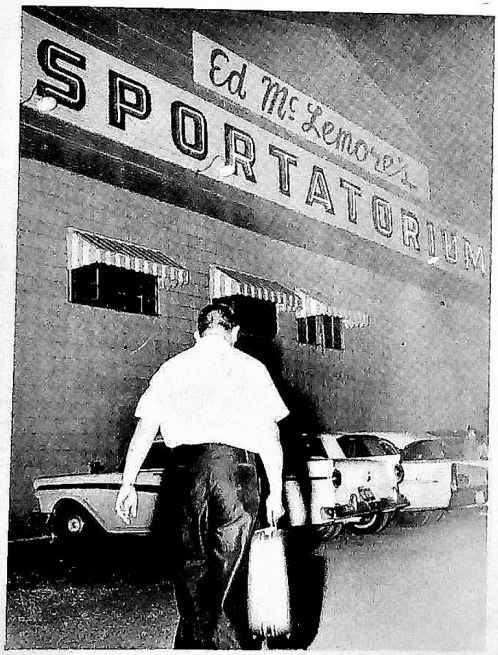
THURSDAY

Car trouble has held Duke Keomuka up – stalled him in a little jerkwater town while a greasy kid alternately gawked at him, then at the Cadillac. Duke is even-tempered, although he longs to ask the kid sarcastically if he's ever worked on anything but a pick-up truck before. Precious hours are lost, and Duke finally swings into Corpus Christi at 3 in the afternoon. He drops his car off for a thorough overhaul . . . he can't afford to have it break down again; he's never missed a match in his life. He hires a little convertible and spins



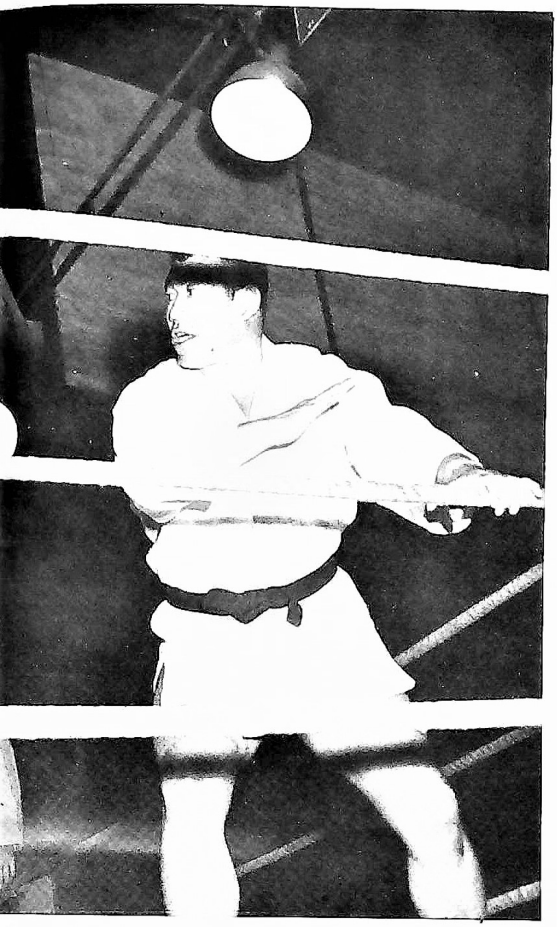


"Cyclops, a guy I can't stand, tries to attack me even before the



"I always try to avoid crowds when I get to the arena. Sometimes I purposely get there after most of the crowd is inside."

"I always check the roadmap before starting out for the next town. I can't afford to make a wrong turn and miss the show."



bell rings. But when I threatened to 'Chop' him, he backed off."

out to the airport to see another friend, industrialist Jack Birdwell. Jack has flown into Corpus on a business trip. He offers to take Duke up for a barnstorm ride. Duke turns him down. Not enough time. Maybe next time.

That night . . . more trouble, but of a more expected kind. Duke's opponent gives him a very rough time. Duke finally wins the match, two falls out of three, but he's battered and exhausted . . . too tired to eat. He can't. He goes straight to bed.

FRIDAY

4 A.M. Again the little monster at his bedside rouses the Duke out of a heavy slumber. Again the routine: grunt, sit-up, legs down . . . and finally on his feet. The strain and muscle weariness of last night's bout are still in his body. He feels it as he walks slowly to the bathroom and stares

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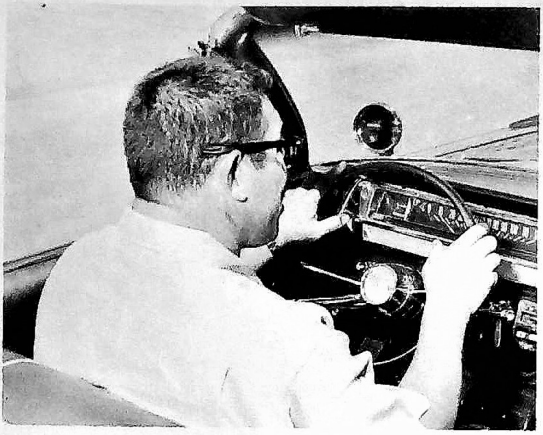
"I try to look fresh and anxious to get the match started. But my bones are aching and my head is throbbing. I'm pooped!"



"In Corpus Christi I rented a car while my car was being serviced and headed out to the airport to see a pal."

"Tony Zuma is flight control man for a big oil company and a very close friend."

"Back home in Houston after four tough days on the road, I get in a game of pool with industrialist E. R. Flannagan."

"But being home doesn't mean a vacation. I still got to make a living. So when they had an opening on a local show and asked me to fill in, I grabbed it."

"This is home! I get a real charge feeding my year-old son, Patrick Hisashi, with chop sticks. He tries to eat the sticks!"

at his heavy face in the mirror. Aches and pains . . . they're the least of it. He pays no more attention to them than he would to a mosquito bite. He showers, shaves, dresses.

It's a long, hard pull this time . . . all the way back to Houston. The day has clouded over again, with more rain threatening. It seems to the Duke that every time he really starts to feel the strain, it turns rainy. But that's a silly thought and he grins a little at it.

Just outside Houston is the home of his friend E. R. Flannagan. Duke has a standing invitation to visit, and he's made good time, so he swings into the tree-lined driveway. Flannagan spotted his car as it turned, and a cool lemonade is waiting for him. For Keomuka, it's sheer heaven, just sitting quietly, sipping his lemonade, and discussing sports, current affairs, business conditions with his old friend.

Duke works real hard in the ring that night . . . finally knots his opponent into howling submission with an "Iron Claw." He knows that the loveliest thing in the world is waiting for him at the end of that match . . . Home! Without even waiting to shower, he crams himself into his street clothes and zips toward his house . . . five miles over the speed limit! The kids are asleep, but his wife greets him and has dinner waiting.

His life is his own . . . no spinning tires, no screaming crowds, no sweaty, muscle-straining thud of flesh on flesh . . . until Monday morning.

Then, the whole grinding thing starts all over again. But he wouldn't trade it for the White House. ●

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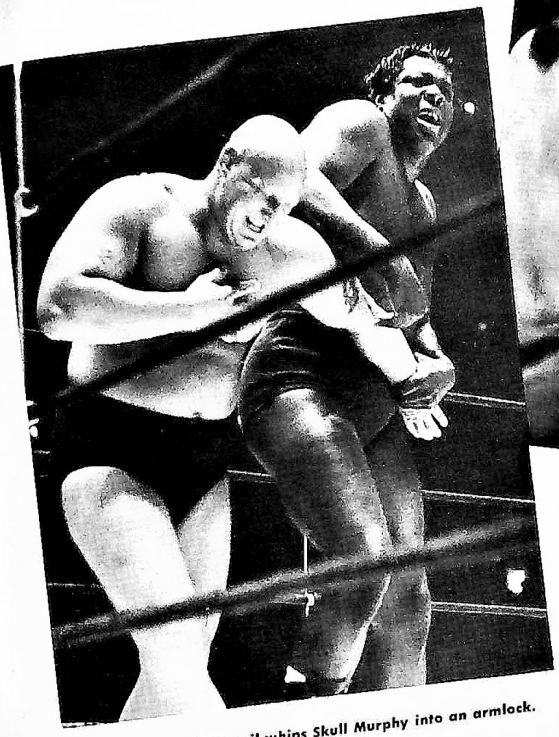
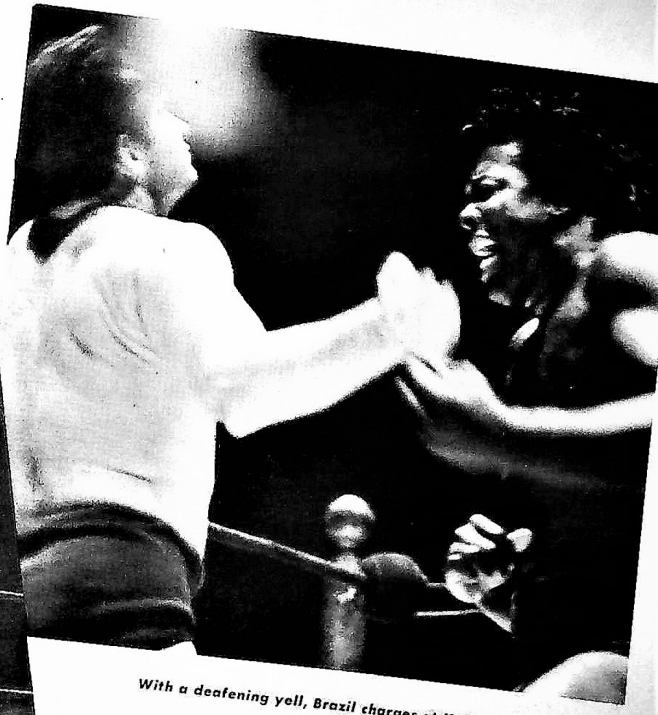


Skilled mat artist Brazil whips Skull Murphy into an armlock.



With a deafening yell, Brazil charges at Heffernan.

...a sparkling new HERO

BY THOMAS MYERS

"WRESTLERS," says Washington, D. C. promoter Vince McMahon, "are like Broadway shows. You never know in advance if they'll be a hit or a flop."

Thus it was with reservations that McMahon picked up his office phone one day last spring to answer an incoming call from longtime star Bobo Brazil in Cleveland.

"Vince," said the 260-pound Negro giant, "do you have any spots for me around Washington and New York?"

"We always have spots for a good man, Bobo," McMahon answered. "Let me think it over a few days and I'll let you know."

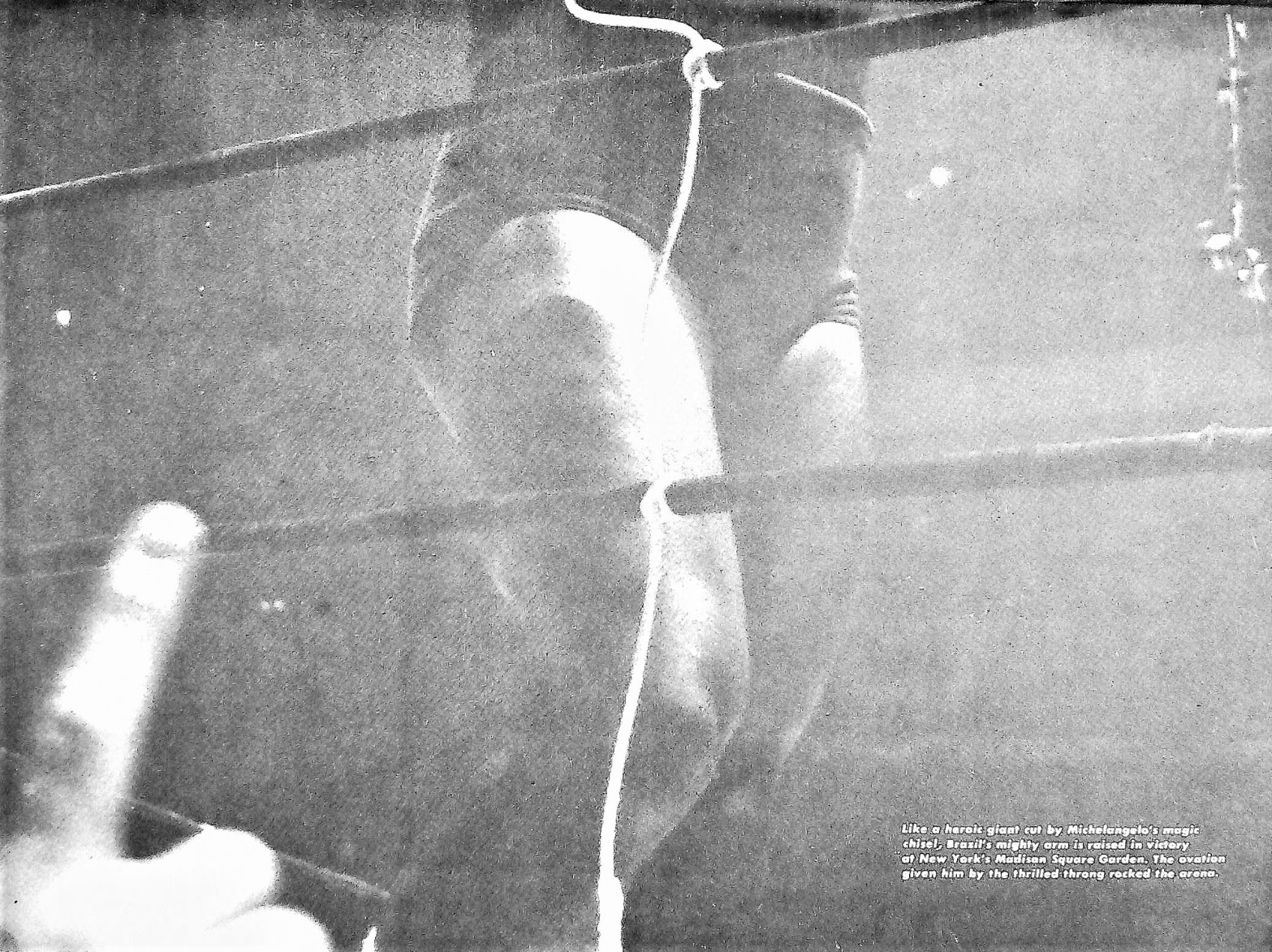
Vince thought it over carefully. He knew that Brazil had been enormously popular since he began wrestling professionally about ten years ago. He knew that Bobo was, as they say in the business, the kind of a go go guy who can stand a crowd on its ear. But McMahon's long experience also warned him that a wrestler can become an idol in Los Angeles or Des Moines but a miserable flop in Chicago and Memphis. You never know how fans will react.

McMahon was still on the fence when he returned Brazil's call three days later.

"Bobo, I've thought it over and I'm willing to give it a try. Suppose you come into Washington in two weeks, starting Monday. I'll book you into a few small clubs and we'll see how they like you. I'll be there to judge for myself. If they give a favorable reaction, I'll put you into Madison Square Garden. After that, well, we'll see."

Bobo, who had long wanted a real chance to prove himself with east coast fans, grabbed Vince's offer. He promised he would report at the promoter's office at ten A.M. on the day specified.

(text continued on page 64)



Like a heroic giant cut by Michelangelo's magic chisel, Brazil's mighty arm is raised in victory at New York's Madison Square Garden. The ovation given him by the thrilled throng rocked the arena.

(text continued from page 61)

Of course everybody knows what happened. It proved to be one of McMahon's shrewdest decisions. Not only did New York fans take Brazil to their hearts, they were completely captivated by him. They were thrilled by his fantastic maneuvers and charmed by his magnetic personality.

Admits McMahon, "I cannot recall any wrestler coming into my territory who was accepted so quickly, and enthusiastically, as Bobo. So far as I am concerned, he can stay just as long as he wants to. And I promise to give him the opportunity to wrestle for the championship. I personally believe that he has an excellent chance to beat Buddy Rogers sometime within the next twelve months."

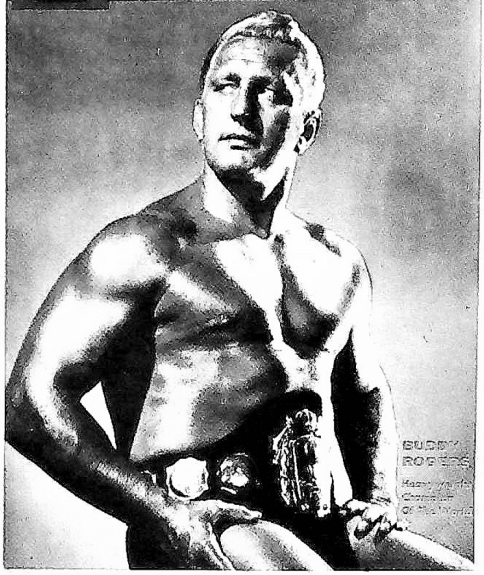
How does Bobo feel about his new dazzling success? "I just can't thank these wonderful people enough. But I suppose the best way to thank them would be to tie Mr. Rogers into a neat package and ship him back to Camden, New Jersey to stay! I give them my word that I will do my best to achieve this goal."

The exclusive pictures on these pages, taken by Stanley Weston, were taken during Brazil's first important New York City appearances, and illustrate, to a degree, the man's exceptional techniques. ●

Brazil, who is famous for his billy-goat butt ("I use it only when I've been fouled"), takes vengeance on Roy Heffernan.

Bobo's arm comes down like a blacksmith's hammer on Skull Murphy's shoulder after Murphy gouged Brazil.

TV WRESTLING



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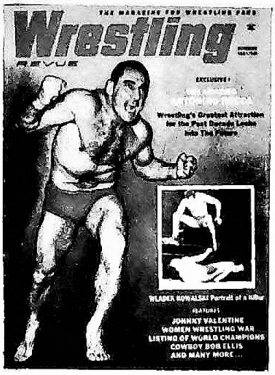

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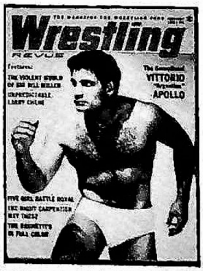

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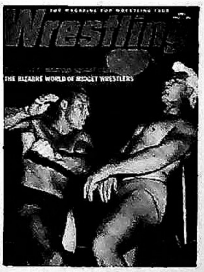

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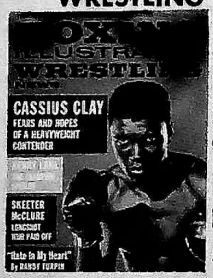

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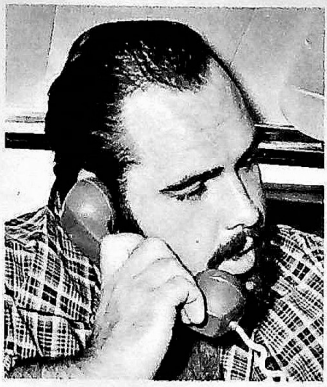
ALASKAN

(*continued from page* 51)



said The Alaskan, crossing muscled forearms over his tremendous chest. One fan tried to test him before the bout began. "Come 'ere you bum, 'an I'll tear that phoney beard off 'a ya!" The Alaskan gave no answer. He just shifted a twenty-foot coiled rawhide bull whip from one pocket to the other of his lumberjacket. The fan gasped and fell silent.

The battle turned out to be Texas versus Alaska, the epitome of a grudge match. And what a slug-chop-kick-kill fest it turned out to be! The Alaskan won the first fall, to the fans' dismay. But Dixon, with all the guts in the world, roared back to take the second fall with hi-flying tactics that had the wildly partisan audience tearing the house down. For the third fall, all was tense, as squads of riot cops remained in the background . . . just in case.

But like the valiant but outnumbered defenders of the Alamo, Dixon started to weaken. The Alaskans' tremendous advantage in height, weight and reach could not be denied and poor Dory Dixon went down. The fans moaned as The Alaskan lifted his limp victim high over his head and flung him over the ropes.

At 10 A.M. the next morning, the victorious Alaskan stepped from his motel into a small group of bitter fans. They pressed in on the giant lumberjack. "Now listen you guys," he said, "I just wanted to thank you for your fine Texas hospitality, and —"

The irony of that "prepared" statement made them grunt. The big man continued, edging toward the parking lot. "I have nothing but admiration for Texas wrestling fans."

Then The Alaskan pulled a sneaky one for his getaway. Catlike he flung his powerhouse frame into the front seat of his sleek, hopped-up Thunderbird. Before the others knew what was happening, the Big One, gunning his motor, screeched to a halt beside them.

"Like I said, I have a lot of respect for you people because you root your hearts out for your local boys. In fact I wish my people gave me that kind of respect and backing."

A smirk crossed the giant's face, he gunned his engine for a quick get-away. But before he took off, he had something else to say.

"But you Texans remember this: Alaska is the biggest state, and The Alaskan is the biggest and the best wrestler in the world!"

The car roared off in a cloud of carbon monoxide and quickly vanished out of sight.

Texans were glad to see The Alaskan go, but they were just as glad to see him back on the following week's program. He's that exciting a personality. •

SCOTT

(*continued from page* 43)

title. You'd have a mink, a Cadillac — every eligible male in the country would be running after you!"

"Look," she said, "I don't want

fame and fortune. Being a big success would kill me. Look here!" Brenda reached down into her beach bag and brought out a fistfull of fan letters. You think I need more fan mail . . . from males? Why I've got enough trouble answering these. Sure, I want more of a following. A girl always needs more loyal fans. But if I were champ I'd need two secretaries just to answer my mail."

She continued to reject our reasons for the title.

"Heck, who needs a Cadillac? I go for the simple pleasures of life. Just give me time to relax occasionally. I love to read, dance around my room with the hi-fi going full blast. Sometimes I like to watch the dawn come up. You don't need to be wearing mink to appreciate these things."

This girl had hidden depths we hadn't appreciated. But we continued our questioning, somewhat weaker:

"But we all need money . . ."

"Sure I love money," laughed Brenda, a smile causing the dimples to appear in her chubby, cute cheeks. "But I need just so much. What the heck, the government takes too big a tax bite out of my checks as it is."

"Brenda," we said, "maybe you're right. But we can't believe you don't have a goal."

"I do. My aim is give my loyal fans a swell show for their hard-earned dollars. Isn't that good enough? I'm no prima donna. I'm not greedy. I'm not asking promoters to put my name in star spangled neons. It gets around O.K.: Brenda Scott, The Blonde Bombshell. Listen, I'll wrestle anywhere the fans want me. But no titles! Got it?"

"We got you, Brenda. Thanks."

Brenda had been on the level. We summed up our sincere thoughts about her with our lead headline on the plane back North.

"BRENDA SCOTT, CLASSY VETERAN OF THE MAT WARS, DECLINES CHAMPIONSHIP BID. WILL STICK TO JUST WINNING MATCHES . . . AND MORE FANS."

We had our story. With hunched shoulders we leaned into our typewriters and let loose. ●

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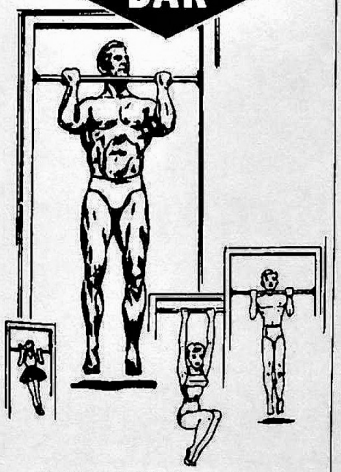

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Hermann

(*continued from page* 47)

Oakland, Calif., and when he told me what he made a year, I **knew** wrestling was for me. He earned more in one year than I earned, with all my intellect, in **fifteen years!**

So Hans Hermann became a wrestler. His increased income has made him independently wealthy – wealthy enough to enjoy his hobby of restoring fine vintage cars to new condition. And wealthy enough to equip a modern electronics laboratory exactly the way he wants it – where he can work on his beloved inventions as he pleases.

"There's a reason behind all of this", says the soft-spoken, charming Hermann (most wrestling fans wouldn't believe I'm talking about Hermann, the Teutonic Butcher!). "I have not yet achieved my fullest mental powers. And I could never have done it working in somebody's industrial lab for peanuts. As my own boss, I'm developing fast – and I have a few ideas that will startle the world. Inventions. No, I can't talk about them yet, but believe me, when they're perfected, all mankind will be affected."

Scientists in a half dozen countries know that Hermann is working long hours in his lab behind locked doors. They ask themselves – what is he doing? What will come out of that strangely angelic-diabolic mind? Will it be a cure for cancer or perhaps a device that will abolish war? Or will it be a hideous weapon, a death ray or super-bomb, that may help us commit racial suicide?

"It all depends," says one of his former co-workers, "on which facet of his personality is the stronger – the good or the evil. And there's no way to tell."

We can only hope, hope that what comes out of Hermann's lab is devised by the brain of the smiling visitor who spoke to the students at McGill that day – and not the brain of Hans Hermann, the Teutonic Terror, whose fearful torture tactics in the ring have made him a despised renegade.●

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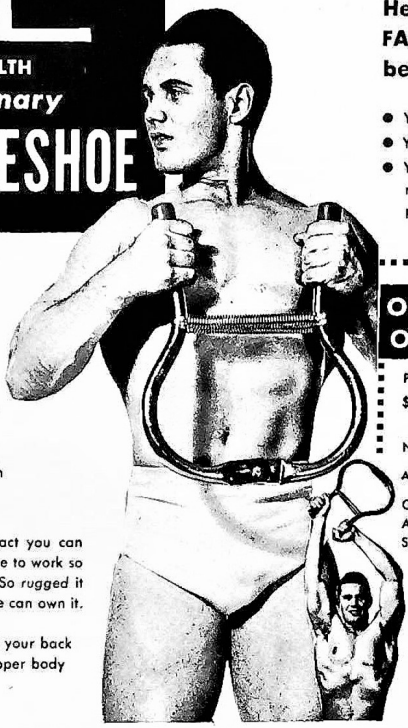

Here are some FACTS about achieving better health.

- You don't need expensive equipment or heavy weights.
- You need not join a health club or gymnasium.
- You *can* increase your muscular power and feel like a new person by exercising your body right in the privacy of your own home—inexpensively and FAST.

HOW TO DO IT

With this completely new conception in Physical Culture equipment — THE HEALTH HORSESHOE. Here is Power in a Capsule, an invention that, pound for pound, dollar for dollar, is the finest body developer ever devised. Use it according to instructions, faithfully, a few minutes EVERY day, and prove to yourself how much better you can feel.

The new HEALTH HORSESHOE is so compact you can carry it with you anywhere . . . in a briefcase to work so that you can exercise during lunchtime . . . So *rugged* it will last a lifetime . . . So *inexpensive* anyone can own it.

Exercise the neglected "pulling muscles" of your back and arms and give yourself a trim, vital upper body together with new HEALTH to glory in.

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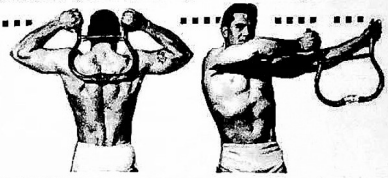
Satisfaction guaranteed. Sorry, NO COD's accepted.



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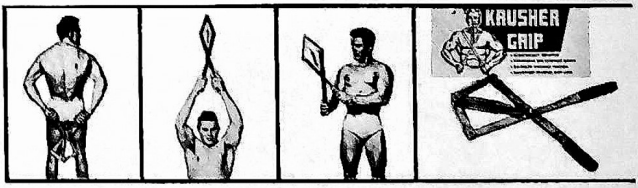
The kind of STRENGTH you never thought possible?

Then exercise with the sensational

GIANT KRUSHER

- *Scientifically Designed*
- *A real Challenge to your MANLINESS*

HOW IT WORKS



Unlike weights, cables and other forms of exercises, the great new GIANT KRUSHER works the muscles and tendons hidden deep in the chest and shoulders—the real POWER muscles so vital to complete body development and STRENGTH. But the KRUSHER must be used with complete regularity in order for you to enjoy its full benefits. If you use it faithfully the results will amaze you and you will use it for years and years to come. This remarkable piece of equipment is made of heavy metal with oil-tempered springs and wood handles for firm gripping. You will agree with us that the GIANT KRUSHER was built to last A LIFETIME.

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Only in BOXING ILLUSTRATED-WRESTLING NEWS will you find complete monthly coverage of who won and who lost the big matches. Results from all over the U.S. and Canada as compiled by B.I.'s army of correspondents stationed from coast to coast. Read BOXING ILLUSTRATED-WRESTLING NEWS every month and really know what's going on in the wonderful world of professional wrestling.

NATION-WIDE WRESTLING RESULTS

(Reported by Boxing Illustrated correspondents)

BALTIMORE, MD — The Bob Ellis-Great Scott bout ended in a double disqualification. Bud Cody and Gordon Nelson topped Skull Murphy and Pepe Figuroa. Pampero Firpo beat Tom Martin. Kostas Pappalazaros topped Lou Albano. Rita Cortez defeated Carol Little in two out of three falls.

LINCOLN, NEB — Killer Karl Cox won on a disqualification over The Sheik. Bobby Managoff drew with Rocky Hamilton. Tarzan Tyler topped Tor Hagen. Chief Little Eagle whipped Corsica Joe.

KANSAS CITY, KAN — Fritz Von Erich took two out of three falls from Bobo Brazil. The Sheik and The Bruiser were both counted out while slugging each other outside the ring. John Kostas won on a disqualification over Ike Eakins. Gino Marella topped Rocky Lee. Cowboy Bradley whipped Tiny Roe. Dot Dotson lost to Evelyn Stevens.

ORLANDO, FLA. — Don Curtis and Joe Scarpa drew with the Von Braunner brothers. Billy Parks topped Jim Wright. Ali Bey disposed of Bulldog Lawley.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND — Two old rivals, the Bruiser and Wilbur Snyder, teamed up to inflict one of the worst (and bloodiest) defeats on Stan and Art Neilson. A standing room only crowd roared their approval as the Neilsons dropped two straight falls. Haystacks Muldoon defeated Don Jardine. Pee Wee Lopez whipped Marcel Senard. Rip Collins topped Gene Murphy. Chuck Conley won over Johnny Heideman.

LITTLE ROCK, ARK — Dan Hodge successfully defended his junior heavyweight title by whipping Joe McCarthy in a bitterly fought battle. In a tag match, Jan Madrid and Louis Tillet were too smart and fast for Jackie Nichols and Tiny Smith.

LITCHFIELD, ILL — Pat O'Connor won two straight falls from Stan Stasiak. Marcel Dupont and Lorenzo Parente defeated Duke Keomoka and Rocky Lee. Cowboy Bradley topped Tiny Roe (midgets). Corsica Joe drew with veteran Joe Millich.

SACRAMENTO, CALIF. — Ray Stevens lost the first fall, then bounced to take the next two and the match from tough Kinji Shibuya. Pepper Gomez teamed with Luis Martinez to defeat Don Manoukian and Karl Von Brock. Leo Nomellini pinned Mike Valentino. Mitsu Arakawa threw Emile Dupre. George Scott topped Chico Garcia.

SACRAMENTO, CALIF. — Ray Stevens whipped Joe Brunetti. Kinji Shibuya won two out of three falls from Red Bastein. Pepper Gomez topped The Alaskan. Hercules Cortez pinned Mike Valentino. Don Manoukian won from Guy Brunetti. Mitsu Arakawa used his famous claw hold to down Ronnie Etchinson.

WASHINGTON, D. C — Bob Ellis defeated Lou Albano. Pompero Firpo outgunned Luis Torres. Brute Bernard and Skull Murphy won over Carlos Milano and Pete Sanchez. Mark Lewin trimmed Angelo Savoldi in two straight falls. In the main event, Antonino Rocca whipped Larry Simon.

ROCHESTER, N. Y — The Kalmikoff brothers went to a draw against Don Leo Jonathan and Ilio DiPaolo. Bobo Brazil topped Steve Stanlee. Bob Stanlee won over Howard Martin. Eric Pomeroy pinned Diamond Jim Brady. Bobby Graham and Tony Marino teamed up to defeat the Scufflin' Hillbillies.

BATTLE CREEK, MICH. — Lou Klein (Bastien) lost on disqualification to The Great Bolo. Rickie Cortez defeated Tony Parisi. The Alaskan had an easy time whipping Danny Ferazza with a bear hug. Joe Matti topped Tim Hampton with a full-nelson.

(continued on next page)

LOU KLEIN, once known as Lou Bastien, writes that he is teaming up with LARRY CHENE and expects to share with Larry the World's Tag Team Championship within a year. Meanwhile, Lou is having a running feud with the GREAT BOLO. They have been hacking away at each other in what is called "Texas Style Death" matches. The rules for this form of legalized murder are simple: No pins count. The only way a victory can be had is when somebody quits.

Did you know that BIG MOOSE CHOLAK scored a tremendous upset win over CRUSHER LISOWSKI in Madison, Wisconsin on April 4th? But Crusher wasn't exactly beaten in the true sense of the word. Here's what happened: Lisowski won the first fall by picking up the 365-pound Moose and slamming him to the floor. Cholak zoomed back to take the second fall with a body press. Soon after the third and deciding fall got underway, Crusher was shoved out of the ring by Moose who came running out after him. A furious melee took place as the men slugged each other all over the arena. Meanwhile the referee was counting away. But Cholack was carefully listening to the count. When the referee yelled "Sixteen," Moose made sure he was close enough to the ring to jump back in before the fatal twenty was reached. By the time Lisowski realized what was going on it was too late. He had been counted out.

MIKE AND DOC GALLAGHER returned to action as a team after a long layoff to whip the KALMIKOFFS in Buffalo's Memorial Auditorium. Good to see Mike and Doc back together. They're a fabulous tag team.

"THE LISTENING POST"

Handsome DOUG GILBERT taking Minnesota by storm. A truly gifted wrestler with an enormous following. Doug holds victories over Pat O'Connor, Bob Geigel and the great Verne Gagne.

Around Iowa the big noise is a monster of a man billed "THE MONGOL." Before a TV [illegible] went out to the Dakotas, and wrestled as "M". Thus we were not as crazy as it might have appeared. e were, you see, TWO Mr. "M"s" wrestling in different lities a short time ago.

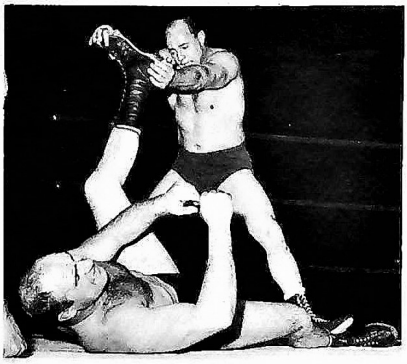
Another Regular

MONTHLY FEATURE

that has captivated the wrestling world is that delightfully informative bundle of facts and rumors published under the heading "Listening Post." Read it once and we guarantee that you'll never miss it again. It can be found ONLY in BOXING ILLUSTRATED-WRESTLING NEWS, naturally.

OFFICIAL WRESTLING RATINGS

These ratings, which are compiled with the full authority and approval of The National Wrestling Alliance, professional wrestling's top governing body, are universally accepted as "Official."



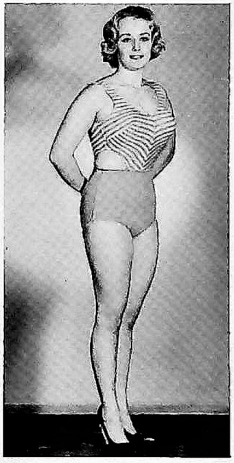
VERNE GAGNE WORKS ON HANS SCHMIDT.

MALE

1–Buddy Rogers
2–Verne Gagne
3–Johnny Valentine
4–Bobo Brazil
5–Ed Carpentier
6–Ray Stevens
7–Pepper Gomez
8–Antonino Rocca
9–Lou Thesz
10–Killer Kowalski

FEMALE

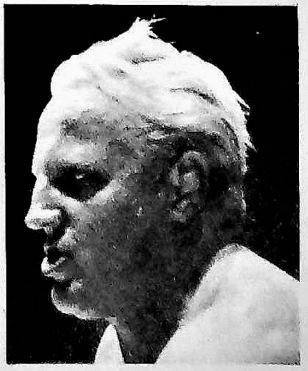
1–June Byers
2–Fabulous Moolah
3–Karen Kellogg
4–Penny Banner
5–Judy Grable
6–Lorraine Johnson
7–Brenda Scott
8–Judy Glover
9–Barbara Baker
10–Rose Roman



VIVACIOUS KAREN KELLOGG.

TAG TEAM

1–Art and Stan Neilson
2–Gene Kiniski and Hard Boiled Haggarty
3–Billy Goelz and Johnny Gilbert
4–Mitsu Arakawa and Kinji Shibuya
5–Johnny Valentine and Bob Ellis
6–The Kangaroos
7–Dickie Steinborn and Eddie Graham
8–Nick and Jerry Kozak
9–Don Curtis and Joe Scarpa
10–The Von Brauners



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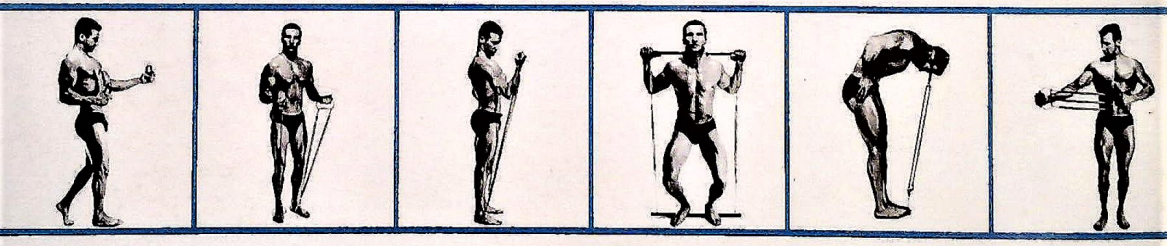
The whole family, mother, daughter, father and son will enjoy hours of fun and relaxation, but most important of all, find new, undreamed of strength and vitality by exercising with this COMPLETE HOME GYM. You can easily and quickly build the kind of body you've always wanted without spending a fortune at a Health Club or gymnasium. What the health clubs and elaborate body building mail order courses claim they can do for you, you can do for yourself right in your own home and for a price you can afford.



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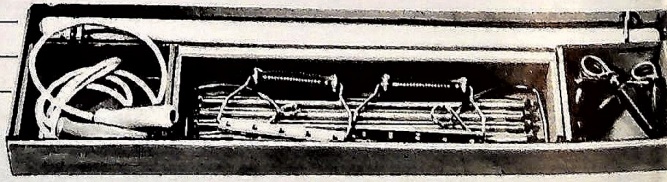
Simply follow the instructions, a few hours each week, then marvel at the result as thousands of others have done before you.